

The Australian **WOMEN'S WEEKLY**

OVER 500,000 COPIES
SOLD EVERY WEEK

September 26, 1942

Registered in Australia for
transmission by post as
a newspaper.

PUBLISHED IN
EVERY STATE

PRICE

3^d



These
girls are
doing a great job.
Help the National
Shilling
Drive

They Grow Not Old

By
Australian author
REX STONE

By the light of a pale moon, row upon row of giant, bird-shaped forms stood silhouetted against the sky. The deep-throated murmur of muted exhausts told of giant bombers on an aerodrome "somewhere in England," their engines warming up preparatory to a night offensive.

In the control-room of an All-Australian Bomber Squadron, heavily muffled pilots, navigators, and air-gunners sat listening to final instructions from the officer in charge of the night's operations.

"There you are, gentlemen," he said, placing his finger on a point on a huge relief map. "That is your target for to-night. The Hermann Goerting Aero Works on the outskirts of Berlin. Some of you have had a crack at it before without success. But to-night I want that plant smashed to the ground, and when I say smashed I mean it literally."

"If any of you come back in the morning and report that a single wall of this building still stands, you can regard your night's work as a failure. Do you understand? Its importance must not be under-estimated because at the present time the enemy is turning out far more heavy bombers than we are, and this plant is the key point in his construction plan."

"You know what those bombers have done to London, Liverpool, and Manchester. Even apart from any humanitarian reasons, we can't afford to allow him to continue these attacks. That is why, to-night, I tell you that I want this plant wiped out to the last brick."

"You have the latest machines, and some of the largest and most powerful bombs that our factories have yet turned out. Those 1-ton delayed-action bombs will wreck anything within 200 yards, so you have much in your favor."

"Your task will not be an easy one. You'll find plenty of flak, and there will be night-fighter opposition. Now are there any questions?"

Several inquiries having been satisfactorily answered, the men filed out into the chilly night, collected into small groups, and walked towards their machines on which mechanics and riggers were making final adjustments.

From the control-tower on the opposite side of the drome a sinister

red "eye" winked, and with a reverberating roar from its powerful engine, the first of the giant machines moved. A long run down wind, a sharp turn, and with ever-increasing acceleration she was away on the long six-hundred-mile flight to the night's objective.

In his cabin awaiting the signal from that winking eye which would start him on his way, Squadron-Leader Hudson felt again that nervous tension which attended the beginning of every particularly dangerous stunt.

Well he knew the magnitude of the night's operations. This was to be no case of massed attack on helpless civilians which delighted the heart of a Hun, but an attack on a military objective which everybody knew was as strongly fortified as human hands could make it.

Tension, but no thought of fear. Once in the air, all this tension would cease. In action events happened too quickly for one to analyze one's feelings. Next moment the tension gave way to a warm glow as he tenderly fingered the talisman which reposed in his breast pocket. Hastily he pulled it out as a glance at his watch revealed that there were yet two minutes to go before he was due to lead his squadron into the air. There would be just sufficient time to read through the single page of neat handwriting once more.

Dearest,
Of course I'll marry you! You silly boy, don't you realize that I've been waiting for ages for you to ask me that? Awful, aren't I? But Tommy, dear, I do love you so. At times I was afraid that you wouldn't have the courage to ask me, and that I would have to ask you.

I'm so happy that I can sing even among the ruins of our home. I suppose you know by this time about the awful raid on the Mersey-side. We lost everything. Even our personal belongings are buried among the ruins somewhere, but nothing matters now except that I love you, Tommy.

Silly, didn't you know that I'd

have married you even if you were still only a sergeant-pilot or just an I.A.C.? Love takes no notice of rank, but I am proud of you, Tommy. Squadron-leader! I can hardly believe it! Next thing we know you will be getting the V.C. or something.

Oh, darling, why must we wait until this horrid war is over to get married and go back to dear old Aussie? How far away it seems these days—and yet how close. I have to be at the hospital at eight o'clock, and it's now 7.30, but in case you misunderstood my meaning I'll say it again. I do love you, Tommy, dear, and I'm ready to marry you any time you say.

Good-bye now, darling. I'm always thinking of you and waiting and praying for the time when you can come back to me.

With all my love,
Sylvia.

P.S. Keep this letter close by you, and it will be a talisman bringing you safely back to me—S. Tenderly he folded it and replaced it in his pocket. Wistfully he wondered whether they would ever again enjoy life so much. It only this stupid war were over—

"I suppose it would not interest you to know that we are due to leave in exactly 30 seconds, would it?" questioned the voice of Harris, his navigator, over the intercommunication system. "Of course, if you have just won a lottery it doesn't matter about the regulations; we can wait an hour or so."

"Probably the latest has just sued him for breach of promise," added the voice of Sergeant-Pilot Somers.

"If you must know, sticky-beaks, it's from the girl-friend, and she has just said yes," called back their leader as his mittened fingers moved to the controls. Their reply was lost in the roar of sound as the four giant engines came to life. Once again that spot of ruby light winked in the half light, and in a matter of minutes the plane was in the air leading the squadron out over the North Sea.

In the fitful light of the moon the sea reflected here and there the glitter of tinsel, interspersed with patches of black velvet.

An occasional dark shape with creaming wake told of the ceaseless watch of the Navy. A rapidly-winking light cheered the airmen on their way with the message in code, "good hunting."

Over enemy territory now. No cheerful message here to speed the aerial armada on its way. Instead white fingers of light probed among the clouds, holding a plane for a moment before an opaque woolly mass enveloped all in a screen superior to any of man-made origin. A break in the clouds revealed a night-fighter off the port wing of "C" squadron, but a burst of fire from rear-gunners soon discouraged any notion the pilot may have had of attacking.

The incident, however, was sufficient to warn the airmen that the enemy was unlikely to be caught unawares, and all realised that a hot reception awaited them when they reached their target.

Only a hundred miles now. Less than half-an-hour's flying time before "zero hour." Bomb-aimer Jolly decided that a nice warm drink before going into action would do everyone the world of good, so out came thermos flasks, and while second-pilot Somers took over the controls, Squadron-Leader Hudson joined in the refreshments with a cheery, "Here's luck, chaps. I'll stand you all a nice hot rum when we get back."

His comrades caught the spirit and together they made merry, jesting as men do in the face of unknown danger.

Fifty miles to go, forty, twenty, ten. As the plane approached its objective silence reigned. No idle chatter now, no jesting or yarns on the intercommunication phones. Every man was at his allotted station. The bomb-aimer prone in the nose of the machine, set instruments on his bomb-sight as the navigator barked information over the intercom.

"Twenty thousand feet, wind drift twenty miles north-north-east, speed two hundred and eighteen. Fifteen thousand feet, ten thousand feet."

By this time the first plane had



"That is your target for to-night," said the officer-in-charge.

reached the target, and immediately the silence of the night was shattered by the crash of exploding bombs, the bark of anti-aircraft batteries, and the scream of flying shrapnel. Searchlights stabbed the night, weaving a fantastic pattern of colored light.

Next moment "A" squadron was in the thick of it. "Ten thousand feet!" called the navigator as the crew prepared for their first run over the target.

"Ten thousand feet," called back the bomb-aimer, and a moment later, "Bombs gone," indicating that the first batch were on their way.

A temporary respite as the plane cleared the zone of fire, then the pilot banked and turned to make

his second run. Again death and destruction rained on the target from ten thousand feet.

By the light of flares and burning buildings it could be seen that terrific damage had been caused. Wrecked buildings turned to flaming beacons as incendiaries ignited the wreckage, but by some freak of nature or careful planning by the enemy, the huge building indicated on the pilot's map still stood among the surrounding ruins.

Fleeting meteors on all sides told a grim story of the defenders' accurate fire—and of gallant planes which would not make the return journey.

Please turn to page 36

At Home Or At Work
**YOUR FEET
WON'T ACHE**

If You Use

Zam-Buk

THOUSANDS of men and women are to-day complaining they are having more trouble with their feet than ever before. If they soon ache, fire, and swell, then here's an easy treatment which will soothe and heal your feet and enable you to get about your work or pleasure in ease and comfort.

After bathing your feet in warm water and drying them thoroughly, massage Zam-Buk ointment well into the soles, ankles, insteps, and between the toes. The refined herbal oils in Zam-Buk are readily absorbed into the skin. Thus

Pain, Swelling & Inflammation

are quickly relieved. Corns and hard skin are softened and easily removed; blisters and soreness are healed, and joints, ankles, toes, and feet are strengthened. Use Zam-Buk regularly and your feet will never let you down.



"Long hours on my feet made them swell and become very painful—especially at night. But rubbed in regularly Zam-Buk is wonderfully comforting and my feet are now in fine condition. It's no trouble to get about now."—Mrs. A. Tyrrell.

"I had to wear slippers as my feet and ankles were so sore and painful. Sometimes I couldn't even walk. Besides proving very soothing, Zam-Buk ended my foot troubles. I now get about in comfort again."—Mrs. G. Lane.

For Skin and Foot Troubles



ON APPROVAL

**There's a lot to be said for security,
but Anne found that romance
counts, too.**

ANNE CLARK stared at her reflection in the mirror with pleasure. Her friend, Bill Andrews, seemed rather surprised about it.

"Why, Anne," he said, "you look wonderful."

"Thank you."
"But I don't know that I like it," Bill said. He drew his chair up to the mirror and watched her speculatively as she poked and patted the curls that ran across her head. "You haven't got the right personality," he told her finally.

Anne turned away. "Oh, that!" she said, snapping her fingers. "I can improve that, too." She started to thrust her hands through her hair in a familiar gesture, thought better of it, and folded them tightly in her lap. "It ought to be easier than getting a permanent wave, anyway," she said thoughtfully.

"But less permanent," Bill said. He had an uneasy feeling that something was going on which was none of his business. He had fallen into the habit of knowing everything about her.

It started the day she applied for a position on his paper—a defiant little thing, with no experience. He refused her; but as she walked off something made him change. In the two years that followed he had bullied and teased her into competence. Now he was inordinately proud of her, and they were the best of friends.

He said now, frowning: "There's even something queer about the flat. What's the matter with it?" "I've been house cleaning," she told him coolly. "Isn't that quaint?"

Bill closed his eyes. "It's the season. Women always get fancy notions in the spring."

"It's February," she blazed, "and I'm normal. Other women get permanent waves and new clothes and keep their flats nice. What's the matter with my behaving in a civilised way?"

"Nothing," Bill said mildly. "Ex-

cept that if you spend all your leisure hours getting civilised we won't have time for any fun." He studied her angry face in honest bewilderment. There must be a reason for all this, but I suppose it's the sort of thing I wouldn't appreciate."

"Exactly," Anne said. Peace and order, she thought bitterly, was Bill's idea of something that came over you in your old age. And there was a time when she would have agreed with him. But that was two months ago, before she had met and fallen in love with Walter Anderson.

Walter Anderson was everything that Bill was not, and a very attractive man besides.

Anne had met him in an unconventional way—at night on a country road—but from his manner it might have happened in a ballroom.

In the weeks that followed, Walter called on her with a flattering regularity. His attitude never failed to amaze her. He treated her as if she were a cross between a debutante and a glass ornament. They went to all the gayest places in town, but he never forgot that she had to work, and he always saw that she was home early.

"It's perfect," she told herself after a particularly grand evening.

The only fly in her ointment was

by golly, so you have!" he murmured. He jumped up and went over to her, tilting her face back with his two hands. "And what the devil is wrong with that, I'd like to know?"

"Everything," Anne said. "We'd make an awful match."

"Why, what could be better?" Bill asked in surprise. "We have the same interests. Furthermore I'm in love with you."

"No, when I marry it's going to be to someone who puts me first. A man who's really interested in looking after his wife."

"How long before you'll be an engaged woman?" Bill said.

"Any day now."

"Then we ought to celebrate," he told her. "We'll go to that little cafe and drink to you. Come on," he added, patting her head, "You're only single once."

The little place was full of smoke and laughter and people warming up to the holiday spirit of Saturday afternoon.

When lunch was over, Bill settled with the waiter and Anne crossed the room to study the pictures on the opposite wall. When she turned back she saw that Bill was at the bar. He was talking enthusiastically and he seemed to be making new friends, as he always did if she didn't watch him.

This time they were fighting French officers and there were three of them; gay, handsome-looking young men. Their names were Rene, Francois, and Jean, and as Bill introduced them they bowed in rapid succession.

"Just imagine," Bill said, putting his arms through hers, "they've been in London a whole month. War Office. All very hush-hush."

"How nice," Anne smiled at them politely, "and how do you like London?"

"It is wonderful," Rene told her. "We have seen nothing like it."

Please turn to page 4

"Hello," said Bill, pointing to the orchids. "Congratulations."

By CAROLINE VANCE

Bill. Obviously, a girl about to be engaged couldn't be running about with him all the time. She decided to tell him the Saturday morning he called on her and criticised her flat so frankly.

When she had finished, he was silent for so long that she thought he had not been listening. "So we'll probably get married," she added.

Bill shook his head slowly. "I can't understand it," he said finally. "A girl with your opportunities."

"But I haven't any opportunities," Anne told him. "I just have you." "Me!" He stared at her in amazement, and then all at once a broad smile lit up his face. "Why,

Continuing . . . On Approval from page 3

THEN before she could even protest, Anne found herself swept off on a round of sight-seeing with Bill and his new friends. At first she was bored and bitterly angry. This was undoubtedly her last time out with Bill. If their friendship had meant anything at all he would not be behaving so absurdly. But as the afternoon wore on she began to enjoy herself in spite of everything. It was a pleasure to watch the men's enthusiasm.

Before they left one of the Frenchmen suggested that they go to tea, and Anne, now thoroughly in the spirit, agreed immediately, but Bill shook his head.

"I've got to finish up some work," he said, whistling for a taxi. "You four go on and I'll meet you for a drink at the Bon Ami again."

Anne stared at him unbelievably. "You want me to go with them alone?"

"Why, of course," Bill shook his finger at her. "And see that you don't let anything happen to these gentlemen."

This struck the Frenchmen as tremendously funny and they roared with laughter all the way down the street, but Anne was furious.

She lingered purposely, hoping to give Bill a good scare, but when seven o'clock came her conscience bothered her and she made them hurry back.

They found him at a table in the corner, writing furiously. "Hello, darling!" he cried out. "I was afraid you'd come before I was finished. But look, my story's done. Aren't you proud?"

Anne gazed at him speechlessly. It was incredible that he should be so completely unconcerned at her being missing for hours on end with three strange men.

She gave vent to her indignation about it in the taxi going home.

"But they were charming men," he protested.

"Anything might have happened," she said. "Why, they might have been Nazi spies."

Bill smiled. "Anyway," she stormed, "if you're so fond of me, I shouldn't think you'd want me to meet a lot of charming men. I might like one of them."

"Oh, but those Frenchmen would never go for you," Bill said. "Such a scrawny little thing!" He laughed, and before she knew what was happening, for the first time he bent and kissed her. His arms were tight about her. There was no evading that close grip. For a moment no sure conviction that she wanted to. She averted her face and tried to hate him.

"I wish you hadn't done that," she said.

"Anne, do you?" he asked delightedly. "Then you must love me, after all. Oh, Anne, Anne!" He kissed her again. "I knew you couldn't really care for that stuffed rabbit."

"But I do," Anne said, pulling herself away. She felt so angry with him that she was close to tears. "Of course I do," she repeated stubbornly. "Why, he's practically my fiancee."

Bill looked out of the window. "All right," he said. "I'll skip it. But it was a good idea, anyway."

After that she was sure that their friendship would be finished; but the next morning at the office he welcomed her with an air of gentle deference. Anne found him hard to bear. He was always aggressively charming, and she longed for him to show a little honest spite.

To her embarrassment, he developed a habit of remarking on her new clothes, admiring them, and telling everyone how beautiful she was. On the day she wore Walter's orchids, she was almost afraid to face him.

She had done it against her

better judgment, but she was meeting Walter at six and she didn't want to hurt his feelings.

As she hurried past Bill, in the outer office, he seized her arm and pointed to the flowers. "Hello," he said, "you've done it! Congratulations."

Anne's lips tightened. "Done what?"

"Well, you don't just wear orchids," Bill said reasonably. "You have to be celebrating something. Aren't you engaged yet?"

"No."

"Listen," he looked grave. "I think the fellow ought to be proposing to you by now. As an old friend, would you like me to go along and suggest it?"

"As an old friend," Anne said, "I wouldn't advise it. Someone might push you into a manhole on the way there."

His remarks were particularly annoying to her because in her heart she felt that he was right. She couldn't help thinking that Walter's attitude was strange, and it made her very unhappy.

But at dinner that night, as she sat across from him, she caught a look in his eyes that made her heart beat faster and all at once she knew he loved her. "Now," she thought excitedly, "he's going to ask me now."

He hesitated, and then abruptly signalled for a waiter. "My family are coming down from Edinburgh next week," he said, "and I want them to meet you."

Anne lowered her eyes to hide her disappointment. "All right," she said, and added, "Why not bring them along to my place for dinner?" She smiled at him. "Please, I'd love it."

In the following week, Anne set about the preparations for her party with all the fire with which she had once attacked her newspaper work.

She decided to do the cooking herself because she knew it would please Walter; but she arranged to have a maid come in the evening to wait at table and wash up. As she bustled about her kitchen she was so intent that it was six before she realised that the maid had not arrived from the agency, and she telephoned frantically. They were closed. Anne had ten bad minutes before she decided on a last resort. She rang Bill.

"I don't care what you're doing," she told him impatiently. "I'm in distress and you're supposed to be a gentleman. Get a parlormaid round here in twenty minutes, as if your life depended on it."

By seven-thirty she had dressed but no maid had appeared. Just as she was planning to do it all herself, the door-bell rang. It was Bill, carrying a suitcase. He flung his arms around her.

"Now, don't get excited, sweetheart," he said cheerfully. "I could not find a parlormaid, but I've got you a butler. He broke a date, I'll have you know, to get here. And rented a butler's outfit. Here," he patted his chest and drew a book of etiquette from his pocket. "I've been studying this on the way over, so that I won't make any mistakes. You watch."

She hesitated. It was true that Bill knew the rudiments of cooking, and he was good at impersonations, too. She flung out her hands. "Oh, all right! Only don't forget that I haven't a sense of humor."

At eight o'clock the party began. Anne stayed in her bedroom until Bill came to announce the arrival of the Andersons. Talking to them she had an odd sense of recognition, as if they were Walter all over again.

"Of course, we always enjoy meeting Walter's friends," Mrs. Anderson said as they sat down to dinner. "But this time he made us especially anxious. His letters were so enthusiastic."

Anne smiled at Walter. "Has he given me a reputation to live up to?"

"A most flattering one," his father said. "He told us you were a very intelligent girl, but it never kept you from being charming."

"He meant charmed," Anne said softly.

She would have been completely happy had it not been for her worry about the dinner. But as the meal progressed her fears all went away from her. She had never, she thought, eaten better food.

The Andersons had been complimentary before, but when Walter told them she had cooked it herself they drenched her in a flood of praise.

"I was lucky this time," she said, trying to look modest. "They don't always turn out so well."

"But they must," Mrs. Anderson said. "You have a real talent for cooking. And let me tell you it's a relief to find a girl who's really interested in her home. Most of Walter's friends have been so—"

She hesitated, and then brought the word out with a grimace of distaste, "modern."

At eleven they left, except for Walter, whom they left "for a few minutes," with coy smiles. As soon as they had gone, he gathered her into his arms.

"I was so proud of you," he said softly. The pride shone deep from his eyes. "I want you to be my wife, darling. I think I've always wanted it, but to-night I was sure." He kissed her hand.

"No, wait," Anne said. She wanted her happiness, but something in his words kept her from reaching out for it. "Wait!" She bit her lips. "Was it your family liking me? Did that have anything to do with it?"

He shook his head. "It did," she insisted. "Suppose they hadn't?"

"But I loved you long ago," Walter told her. He added reasonably, "Of course, I wanted them to meet you before I said anything definite. That's natural, isn't it?"

"Sort of—on approval," she murmured. It didn't sound very natural to her, it didn't sound like love at all, and suddenly she was so unhappy that she couldn't face him any longer. "Oh, go home!" she said miserably. "Please, Walter, we'll talk about it to-morrow."

She was so insistent that he left with little more argument. "But you'll feel differently in the morning," he said, putting on his overcoat.

AFTER he had gone, she wandered back to the kitchen and stood in the doorway watching Bill. He was cleaning up and being so inefficient that in spite of herself she began to laugh. "Hello, James!"

"Hello, madam! I seem to be breaking your dishes. Do you mind?"

"Mercy, no!" Anne said. "I don't like that myself. It saves time." Her glance circled the room and came to rest on a small table loaded with food. "Why, what's all that?" she exclaimed.

"Uncouth as I am," he said, grinning. "I knew there was something wrong with that food. Taste it."

She took a spoonful of soup and made a horrified face. "What did I do?" she gasped.

"Well, the savory speaks for itself. And I think you must have used fermented sherry in the soup." He handed her a dripping plate. "See, I rang up that restaurant—you know the one—and asked them to send the same stuff over. I thought I might as well get vegetables also. You ought to know your in-laws wouldn't go for the tinned variety." He threw a towel at her. "Darned expensive it was, too, let me tell you."

For the second time in an hour Anne felt close to tears. Her eyes were enormous. "But why did you go to all that trouble? You—"

"Oh, I couldn't have you making a fool of yourself," he said gruffly. "I suppose I've been taking care of you for so long that it's become a habit." He shrugged his shoulders. "Call it an engagement present if you like."

For a moment she couldn't speak at all; but as she stared at him a dozen memories tumbled into her mind. She ran over to him. "Oh, James!" She put her hands on his shoulders, shaking them back and forth.

"Of course it's an engagement present—yours and mine."

(Copyright)

This note need never have been written . . .

Dear Teacher,

Keith is so susceptible to infection that I thought it wise to keep him home last week while so many children had colds

Alma Field

When a youngster plays truant, that's bad—but at least he's fit and well. When a child misses precious schooling because of illness, that's infinitely worse. Yet each year thousands of school days are lost through colds, flu, diphtheria, scarlet fever and other juvenile ills which could be prevented by supplementing the children's inadequate normal diets with additional protective vitamins.

'SCOMOL' provides these health-giving, body-building, protective Vitamins A and D in an easy-to-take, palatable form that completely supersedes the previously imported but now virtually unobtainable cod liver oil. Every gramme of 'SCOMOL' is guaranteed to contain 1,000 International Units of Vitamin A to build resistance to infection and promote vigorous growth, and 100 International Units of Vitamin D to control body metabolism and promote bone development.

Most leading fish liver oil emulsions and the better malt extracts are now fortified with 'SCOMOL'. Your chemist will gladly recommend the product most suited to the needs of your child.



'SCOMOL'
OLEUM VITAMINATUM B-P

AUSTRALIAN FISH DERIVATIVES PTY. LTD.
Further information from our Australasian Distributing Agents,
GOLLIN & CO. PTY. LTD. — Your State.

Wear White for Safety in the Blackout



● Protect yourself against traffic accidents

—wear white shoes. But remember—they must be WHITE... and that means Shu-Milk! It removes the dirt, dries quickly and evenly, and gives your shoes a soft, snow-white smoothness that attracts the eye of everyone.



IN BOTTLES & TUBES, 60 & 10

Shu-Milk
CLEANS ALL WHITE SHOES

The DARK SQUARE

By
LAURENCE MEYNELL

THE STORY SO FAR:

WHEN she unsuspectingly offers to deliver a note for **ADRIAN MAWLEY**, English lecturer at **MISS HAUGH'S** finishing school, **MAJORIE GILLESPIE**, young and lively governess-companion at the Schloss of the **COMTESSE DU VALLARD**, is caught up unawares in a web of international intrigue.

The letter falls into the hands of **CAPTAIN ERIC VON GERNE**, who abducts Marjorie and keeps her prisoner at his mountain farmhouse there, to her surprise, she also finds the Comtesse's chaplain.

Investigating Marjorie's disappearance, Adrian searches von Gerne's hut, knocking the officer out in a surprise attack. Next day, following a clue, he visits the mountain farmhouse, but without tangible results.

You read on—

ONE of the features of Miss Featherstonhaugh's Academy which greatly commended it to a certain section of the population of Charnock was the fact that the down-and-out could always get a hot meal there at tea-time.

Consequently every day towards five o'clock a little knot of people could be seen clustered round the kitchen door of the Academy for Young Ladies.

Sometimes they got their meal for nothing; on other occasions Feathers would descend like a whirlwind on her guests and impress one or more of them for urgent household jobs.

On the afternoon of Adrian Mawley's exploratory visit to Mountain Farm, there were five hungry rascals-on waiting by the kitchen door.

At half-past five the door was bowed and they were admitted into the building now set aside for the purpose and generally referred to as the young ladies of the establishment as Cadgers' Hall.

There they sat down and were served with their free meal. This ceremony took place, as usual, under the severely disapproving eye of Milling, the butler and man-of-all-work at Feathers.

Feathers herself had brought Milling to Charnock. She boasted of him as one of her finds and in conversation usually referred to him as "the Archdeacon," poking mild fun at his reverend and dignified mien.

It was difficult to imagine anything disconcerting Milling, but any sort of upset or disturbance annoyed him. He saw no reason, and frequently said so, why the kitchen quarters of an establishment for young ladies should be "messed about" (as he described it) by the riff-raff of Charnock.

At six Feathers herself swept into the room and heads were cocked half in apprehension, half in amusement. The old hands knew what was coming and were resigned to what fate might have in store for them.

Feathers surveyed them much in the manner of a Roman matron surveying the slave market.



Wynne W. Davies

Her eye fell on a thin man at the end of the table.

"I think you had better give me a little help," she said. "I'm sure you'll be willing, won't you? It's just a question of moving a bookcase up in my room. I shan't want any more help to-day." She beamed amiably at them all and four faces grinned back. "Touched lucky," they thought. The fifth man drained his tea cup and said with polite resignation:

"Anything you say, ma'am." He followed Feathers out of the room and as they left Milling's arch-diaconal tones rang out, "No smoking in here, please. You can wait till you get outside for that."

Feathers led the way through the labyrinth of two old houses knocked into one of which her Academy consisted. The impressed laborer followed her, and at him, over her shoulder, she kept up a running commentary on the proposed new decoration and furnishing scheme for her room.

Occasionally they passed a maid, or one of the sixteen young ladies who had difficulty in restraining her laughter at the familiar but always worth-while sight of Feathers in one of her mad moods.

Feathers' own room was delightful; long, low ceiling, many windowed. It had a pleasant disorder in it which exactly reproduced her character, and there were enough bookcases—all painted green—and enough books in them to justify any amount of help in moving them.

Yet when she got there, and the door was safely shut behind her visitor, all idea of moving bookcases seemed to have left Feathers. Her lecturer in English literature was already there, sitting on the arm of a chair smoking, and Feathers' first words were:

"Well, Adrian, here he is at last." The tramp grinned and said in a very untramplike voice:

"Hallo, Adrian, how's literature?"

"Dicky."

The two men shook hands, the

"I think you had better give me a little help," said Feathers to the nearest man.

long firm grasp of men who have voyaged and adventured together and who are glad to see one another again. They looked in each other's eyes and smiled steadily. In the English way there was a great deal unsaid in that greeting. What Adrian did say was:

"Dicky, you're a blinking marvel. I'd pass you in the street and chuck swopence at you any day of the week."

DICKY HORDER

grinned. "You didn't, though. Not this morning. You passed me in the Avenue of the Lime Trees and there were no twopences lying about. You looked as though you were setting out on a walking tour." He turned to his hostess and said: "It's good to see you again, Feathers."

"Have you had a bad time, Dicky?"

He reached out for a cigarette and lit it, and his hand was none too steady.

"So-so," he said. "It hasn't been a picnic exactly."

The door opened and Milling came into the room. Dicky Horder jumped to his feet quickly.

"Hallo, Dicky. Pleased to see you."

"Not as pleased as I am to get here, sir. I nearly let out a yelp downstairs when you came in and started dishing out the tea. I'd no idea you were here."

"Quite a number of people have no idea where I am. It's a useful asset in life."

Feathers pulled a cord overhanging her desk; this uncovered a notice outside her door which read: "Engaged. Not to be disturbed on any account."

The best of building up a character as an eccentric is that you can do eccentric things and nobody wonders. The whole establishment was used to Feathers' admonitory notice and knew quite well that while it was exhibited any attempt to violate her privacy would be punished by something worse than sudden death.

She sat down, took a small cigar from a box on the desk, lit it and said: "Now, Dicky—"

Dicky told his story, prefacing it with the customary note of self-deprecation. "Well, there isn't all that much to tell really—"

His listeners judged otherwise. For four months he had been inside Germany living a hunted life. Footsteps on the stairs, a knock at the door, a man crashing against him in the street—he never knew when any of these things would mean that the game was up. And four months of that kind of living is apt to fray a man's nerves.

"...the machine's running marvellously. You would expect that of course, from Germany. Efficiency above everything else. And yet—" he shook his head slightly.

"And yet what?"

"Difficult to explain exactly. But the feeling is there, even if one can't adduce precise facts to justify it. The feeling that none of it goes deep, that it is all blatant, glittering facade. That even a shallow crack will get through to the nothing behind. There's going to be a mighty trouble in that country unless they can stage a diversion, and the diversion is coming this way."

"How do you know that?" the man masquerading as Milling asked quietly.

"P.I. told me. I met him in Hamburg. He told me my orders were to get out as soon as possible and make my way down to Feathers here."

"We had a message from him a few days ago."

"It's the last you'll get," Dicky told them sombrely. "He's dead."

There was a brief pause. Then:

"What did P.I. tell you about diversion in this part of the world?" Milling asked.

"Well, sir, not all that much. He said the wind was blowing in this direction, and he said that you were the man to get hold of. 'Heaven knows where the colonel is,' he told me. And then the first person I set eyes on when I get here to Feathers is you."

Colonel Baikie, alias Milling the butler, alias many other things in the course of an adventurous life, laughed, the short, sharp bark of a laugh which was characteristic of him.

The three other people in that room had all managed to pack a certain amount of unexpected variety into their lives, but the adventures of all three of them added together couldn't come near to the colonel's. They knew it; everybody in the game recognised, and gladly, the colonel's pre-eminence.

Colonel Baikie had been in the queer and dangerous game of Secret Service for nobody but himself knew exactly how long. With him you were made free of the marvellous organisation called The Road, which Baikie himself built.

Please turn to page 44

SHE WHO WOULD VALIANT BE



They were Americans, but France had been their home for so long...

MISS MARIA'S earliest memories were of the tramp of soldiers' feet as General Sherman's army marched through Georgia to the sea. During the middle years of her life the memories weren't very clear; but as she grew older and older they regained something of their earlier clarity.

Now there were moments in the long evenings in the little house when, shut up at sundown by the Germans, with no wireless and no telephone, she grew confused and was again a little girl of four hiding in the bushes beside a Georgia road of red clay.

Sometimes she would talk childishly to Miss Susan or Miss Ellen, and one of the other would say gently and patiently:

"Come now, Maria. We aren't in Georgia. We're in the Department of the Oise, and the Civil War is over, and you'll be eighty-two on your next birthday."

And Miss Maria would chuckle and dream again, until from outside in the village street beyond the garden wall would come the sound of tramping German feet, and she would fall again into a faint doze and in spite of everything be back again in Georgia.

Perhaps it would be Miss Emmeline who roused her, and she would have to pull herself together to remember about Emmeline. Emmeline was only seventy-three and the baby of the family, and she alone of all of them had married and lived away from home for nearly fifty years.

She wouldn't be here in France now except that she had been caught while on a visit.

Emmeline had always been a problem, going out in the world so much and living in England and reading modern novels. Emmeline, a British subject, was still a problem, being caught here, with the Germans all round them.

Then there was a knock at the front door, and she heard the rheumatic footsteps of Nicolas as he went to open it and admit the German sergeant, who came each evening to see that they were all in the house and not listening to a secret broadcast.

Miss Susan said, "Emmeline!" and Miss Emmeline rose, taking her novel with her, and went into the cupboard, closing the door behind her.

The outer door opened, and the sergeant came in—a young peasant with sausage hands and enormous feet, who seemed a monster beside the fragility of the three visible old ladies. The sergeant was embarrassed, his big fair-skinned face scarlet. He did not like this task. Even to his slow-moving, disciplined mind it seemed silly to be spying perpetually upon three old American ladies.

"Guten abend, gnadigen frauen," he said. The three old ladies replied in French, "Bon soir!"

They felt no rancor against this young lout. If they had any feeling at all, it was one of pity, because the boy should have been peacefully at work among the cows in some high field in Bavaria.

The sergeant read out their names: "Maria Wingate, Susan Ann Wingate, Ellen Margaret Wingate." With his accent the names were almost unrecognisable; but they knew what he meant to say, and after each name they answered politely in turn, "Oui."

Miss Emmeline's name, which was Mrs. Eric Chalmerton, he did not read, of course, because she was hiding in the cupboard, and neither he nor the German staff had any knowledge of her presence. As the elderly widow of an English general, they might have suspected her of anything.

When he had finished, he clicked his heels and clumped out. And at the sound of the bell attached to the garden gate, Miss Emmeline came out of her hiding place and returned to reading her wicked modern novel.

Only Miss Maria was old enough to remember much about life in America, for Miss Susan was only four years old and Miss Ellen three when they went aboard the packet boat to leave America for ever.

More and more frequently, as they grew older, the sisters would ask her to tell them about America; but what she remembered was, of

course, very little like the America they had not seen for seventy-five years.

The things she remembered were all about the last agonising days of the Civil War, when their father's beloved South lay dying.

Emmeline had less curiosity than the others—perhaps because she had been born in France and had been married and had had a life away from the rest of them and from their father. Only Emmeline had ever been rebellious.

All of them knew and remembered their father, because he had lived to be eighty; but only Maria could remember him as he had been in America—young Major Wingate, with the blackest hair and bluest eyes and finest figure in all the State.

Only Maria could remember him as he rode over the plantations on his black stallion, with Maria herself trotting along at his side on a grey pony. Only Maria could remember him coming home in his grey uniform, with his arm in a sling, telling the frightened women how badly things were going for the Confederacy.

Only she could remember, far back in the misty past, the full terror of his rage when the Cause

The discovery of a strange young American with the old ladies upset the sergeant.

the Mason-Dixon line during the Civil War.

Papa, indeed, had found life very agreeable in the Paris of the second empire, with a house in St. Cloud and another in the Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré.

In the house of St. Cloud they had lived very nearly the same life they would have led in the South before the Civil War, for it was furnished with things from the American house, and Old Martha was with them—taking care of Baby Emmeline by that time—and so were two black servants called Toby and Evangeline.

It had been a very, very happy life, until it was interrupted brutally when Miss Maria was eleven years old, by the coming of the Germans.

As in Miss Maria's earliest memories, there had been wild excitement and women and children crying and the tramp of soldiers' feet and confusion in the house and the major using bad language, then suddenly they had all been bundled into a kind of stagecoach with trunks and pieces of furniture on the roof, with all the other furniture piled

into two carts, which followed, and in the middle of the night they had gone off into the darkness through streets filled with soldiers and galloping horses.

On the long journey in the direction of Fontainebleau dear Mama caught a cold, which settled in her lungs, and a fortnight later she died, quietly, without a plaint, as she had lived.

They all cried bitterly, and again a year later when Old Martha died and Papa brought a French governess into the house. But, being young, they all became used to these changes.

So presently the Franco-Prussian war, too, was forgotten, with its terror of cries in the night and the sound of tramping feet. And the faint grey began to come into dear Papa's beautiful black hair, but that only made him seem more handsome and more distinguished than ever.

Dozing now before the fire, Miss Maria was seeing him like that, because she liked him best at that period.

Two hours or more after the clumsy young sergeant had gone out of the gate, the little ornate clock on the mantelpiece struck ten.

Miss Susan said, "Bedtime," and

rolling up her knitting, glanced about the room.

Miss Susan was not like Miss Maria, thin and immensely wrinkled; she was plump and had a complexion like a girl's. She had never been emotional like Miss Maria, or cross-tempered like Miss Ellen, or adventurous like Baby Emmeline. Save for scratches on the furniture or a bald spot in the carpet—she had always been the housekeeper—nothing had ever disturbed her calm.

Each evening she sought mildly to induce the sisters to retire at 10.30; but there was always trouble with Maria and Baby Emmeline.

Maria was so old that she needed very little sleep, and Emmeline, in the years she had been a general's wife, had grown accustomed to late and worldly hours.

Nowadays, since the Germans came, it was worse, because the sergeant came in promptly at seven-thirty each morning to see that they had not been out after curfew and were still behaving properly. That meant that they must be up and dressed and about the house at that hour.

So gently she again attempted to lure her sisters to bed. As usual, Miss Ellen rose and, putting away her book, went out of the room, but Miss Maria and Baby Emmeline said they would stay up a little longer.

As she poked the fire so that it would die down safely, worry took possession of her. Coal was precious now, not only because it cost so much, but because each small lump stood between them and the discomfort of advancing winter. What the little they had in the cellar was gone, there would be no more at any price.

Three months ago she could have filled the cellar with coal at a cheap price; but after a conference with her sisters they had decided against buying more coal than the normal amount needed at the moment. They would not hoard coal when their French neighbors in the village could not afford it. It would not be an honorable or ladylike thing to do.

Now as she poked the fire she was not so certain that it was always a good thing to be ladylike and honorable in a country dominated by Germans.

Her thoughts were interrupted by the droning from overhead. It was the British bombers going to bomb the railway yards ten miles away.

By LOUIS BROMFIELD

was lost and the carpet-baggers came down from the evil North to mingle their insolence and vulgarity with that of the ignorant freed slaves who swaggered through the streets.

One night the major with all his family and belongings left the house where his family had lived since before the Revolution. By morning he and his wife and two servants and three small children were on their way to Europe.

The major had taken an oath that he would leave his country and never again set foot upon its soil.

He had kept his oath, and his daughters had kept it after him. Not one of them had ever seen again her native land. Miss Emmeline, born on the eve of the Franco-Prussian war, had never seen it.

In those days Papa had been a rich man, for he had a fortune, from the sale of cotton, tucked away in gilt-edged consols in England, and he owned property in New York, administered very shrewdly by Cousin Gerald Wingate, whom fate had placed on the Northern side of

Emmeline hid in the cupboard and read all the modern novels

tanks that rumbled past beyond the garden wall.

The sight so awed the intruders that they went sheepishly away.

It was a good story. Peasant told it to peasant, chuckling even in these evil times.

Meanwhile, Miss Susan and Nicolas made the rounds of four shops, standing in line at each one, before they turned towards home at last, their basket only partly filled.

Inside the house, Miss Susan came upon signs of a new catastrophe. In the hall Miss Maria and Miss Ellen were talking to two men in German uniforms. She thought at once, "They have come to take Emmeline to a concentration camp."

The conversation was a mixture of French and German. Miss Ellen knew German about as well as the two officers knew French; but as Miss Susan listened she was able to make out what it was all about. The two officers had come to claim rooms in the house.

age somehow. There are always plenty of turnips and cabbages and sugar beets."

"As for fuel," said Baby Emmeline, "the forest is only five minutes away. We can burn wood and carry it ourselves."

"It's you, Emmeline, that I'm worried about," said Miss Maria.

"Tut," said Baby Emmeline, "I can go on living as I have. We shall keep the salon door locked, and when the German officers are about I can stay in the cupboard. If necessary, I can take a lamp and read in there."

"It'll be very stuffy," said Miss Susan.

Emmeline knew what was troubling them. She knew that they ought to go away while there was still a chance, before they were utterly trapped by disaster, perhaps even by starvation. They could still, somehow, get word to Paris and the skeleton Embassy staff that four old American ladies were here in the north in the Occupied Zone.

She knew they had quite given up hope of rescue by Cousin Gerald. But above all she knew that they would not face the issue because they could not bring themselves to leave the furniture and all the knick-knacks with which like crows, they had filled the house over a period of years.



From the upper window Miss Maria saw a young man get out of a battered taxi.

They came over night after night and dropped bombs on a French town while the French cheered.

At the top of the stairs she said: "Good night, Ellen. Sleep well," and received the same speech from her sister.

Each night for more than fifty years they had parted thus at the top of the stairs, to go to their own rooms. Dear Papa had always insisted on each of them having a room of her own. That was the way ladies lived.

When Miss Susan and Miss Ellen had left, Baby Emmeline put down her novel and said in a low voice, "Maria!"

The older sister wakened out of a light doze and said, "Yes, Baby." "I'm worried about Susan. She seems so vague at times—as if nothing existed outside this house. She doesn't even take any notice of this war."

Maria, with the quickness of very old people, was suddenly quite awake.

"Susan seems to me to be failing," there was a note of triumph in the old lady's voice.

Of all of them she was fondest of Baby Emmeline, perhaps because she was so much older than there had never been any rivalry between them, even for the affection and attentions of dear Papa. Emmeline was the only one of them who ever had any trace of chic. The others just wore clothes, quiet, dull-colored clothes such as their father thought ladies should wear. But Emmeline always had style.

Maria thought sometimes that this was why Emmeline had attracted that rather fast young soldier more than forty years ago, the summer they took the house at Dinard. That was why Emmeline eloped, and dear Papa hadn't allowed them to mention her name until the rather fast young man had become a general.

Maria said: "I think it's very odd we haven't heard from Cousin Gerald. He's always been so particular about seeing our money come through."

"It's wartime," said Emmeline. "In the last war he always saw to it regularly."

"This one is different, Maria. You weren't living in a town full of Germans in a part of France occupied by them."

There were three Cousin Gerald's in their lives. The first was their father's room mate at Harvard before the war separated the North and the South.

Somehow the cousins had remained friends, and after the war Papa had left all his American affairs in Cousin Gerald's hands. He had done well with their affairs for nearly thirty years; then he had died, and his son, Cousin Gerald Number Two, had taken over. After that things hadn't gone so well. The

British consols had been sold and the money invested in American stocks.

So began the long era of slipping down hill from one house to another, each smaller and less pretentious than the last; until, since 1930, they had been living in this small house in a village in the Oise.

They hadn't very much left; but it went quite a long way in a village like Aumont, with old Nicolas and Marguerite the cook to care for them. They had never seen Cousin Gerald Number One. Cousin Gerald Number Two had visited them once, just before the last war. And now there was a Cousin Gerald Number Three, whom they had never seen, a young fellow about twenty-four or twenty-five. They supposed that, if they went on living, he in his turn would go on looking after their affairs.

That was the arrangement their father had made, and nothing would have induced them to change it.

"I feel," said Emmeline, "that I am a burden to the rest of you, having to be hidden every time a German comes into the house. I think we should have gone when the order for evacuation came."

"We're quite comfortable, Emmeline," said Maria. "Now that there isn't any more fighting in the street, it's almost the same as before. What could we have done on the road with all the refugees? I don't believe Susan could have survived it—and with Ellen's short temper it would have been very troublesome."

Emmeline began thinking about her husband, who had died of pneumonia contracted in the harsh Flanders winter of 1916.

"Sometimes," she said, "I'm glad that Eric is dead. He could never have borne standing by and watching the mistakes made this time."

The bombing was finished now, and from overhead came the drone of the bombers going back to England. From the distant end of the village came the sound of a German bugle—a long, lonely sound. Emmeline did not refer to it. She said only, "Perhaps we had better go to bed, Maria."

It was nearly eight o'clock when Miss Susan and old Nicolas walked along as rapidly as rheumatic legs could carry them to the market the following morning.

Nowadays the little market appeared a bare place, with only a few stalls set up, each bearing a few cabbages and some bunches of turnips and carrots.

This morning the peasants greeted Miss Susan with the same effection and good humor they always showed for the sisters. Everyone in Aumont and the country knew about them, respected them, and loved them for their goodness and innocence.

The peasants knew what ladies were, and they knew that the three old maids, and the sister who sometimes came on visits from England, were ladies. And they thought it amusing that the old ladies had hidden themselves away when the order for evacuation came.

When the ruffraff broke into the house to pilfer it, as they had the other houses in the village, they had found four old ladies living behind the closed shutters as if nothing at all were happening outside. The old ladies were seated about the fire, knitting and reading and taking no notice of the bombs or of the

Miss Ellen and Miss Maria kept insisting that they were not French but American, and that the officers had no right to intrude on the premises. But the two men remained firm.

Miss Maria at last led them upstairs and craftily conducted them to the third floor. She planned to put them in the rooms occupied by Nicolas and the cook, whom she would shift to the little salon and the pantry belowstairs. But the two officers demanded to be shown the other rooms, and selected Miss Maria's own room and the one occupied by Miss Ellen.

Miss Maria felt her heart grow small. It would mean that for the first time in their lives the sisters would have to share rooms. And it was very dangerous—all of it—with Baby Emmeline, a British general's widow, in the house.

But Miss Maria did not lose her dignity or forget that whatever the Germans were or did, she was and always would be a Southern lady. Gravely she and Miss Ellen made the officers understand that by evening the rooms would be ready.

Then the Germans went away, rudely, without so much as thanking the old ladies. A moment later the sisters summoned Baby Emmeline from her hiding place, and then, with the door locked, they held a council of war.

Miss Susan broke the news of the growing shortage of food—news they received quite calmly.

Miss Maria said: "We shall man-

And there was always that vow of Papa's never to set foot on his native land so long as it was ruled by Yankees.

Cousin Gerald II had not forgotten them. His son, Cousin Gerald III, arrived that night at the Gare d'Orsay.

It had been an awful journey, all the way from Lisbon, through Spain on the broken-down Spanish railways. The man who occupied the compartment with Cousin Gerald III from Biarritz to Paris was clearly a Gestapo agent, assigned to discover what he was really up to.

The story that he had come to rescue three old ladies who had not been in America for seventy-five years was too impossible. He said three, because neither he nor his father knew where Baby Emmeline was.

Cousin Gerald III was a child of the bad period. At twenty-six he had never worked seriously at anything. There had always been enough money to get along on and no prospect of a serious job. He "worked" after a fashion in his father's stockbroking office.

It was Cousin Gerald III's idea to send his son to rescue the old ladies. It would be a responsibility; but the boy, with good looks and easy-going ways, might succeed where a more serious-minded fellow would fail.

And now here he was stepping out of the train in Paris—the Paris he had always meant to visit.

Please turn to page 15

KNOW-IT-ALL

Two humorists team up on the comedy of a bright young man who crashes into all sorts of jobs and — amazingly! — wins out.

THE boy looked scared. He wasn't in the habit of being arrested. The two Mounties flanked him, one on either side, as they came up the main street of Shoo-Fly towards R.C.M.P. headquarters. Bill Brown and I were on our way downhill, to Arctic Airways shack.

"Well!" said Bill. "Business seems to be picking up for Charlie and Ed."

I could see that the prisoner looked defiant as well as scared. He looked a lot of things—bewildered, indignant, and unemployed. But mostly unemployed. I guessed him to be about twenty years of age.

Bill nodded to our friends of the R.C.M.P. and said amiably, "Hello, Charlie. Hello Ed. What you got?"

"Vagrancy," said Charlie. "Off the afternoon train. No visible means. Same old thing—except the kid's an American."

"Being an American," said Bill, "is hardly a federal offence. You haven't got any jurisdiction."

Right then I began to feel trouble coming. Bill Brown gets those bush flier's impulses. He's always picking up strays. The two Mounties, Charlie and Ed, had stopped to pass the time of day with us while their defiant young prisoner stood around.

"You'd have a lot less paper work," Bill suggested, "if you'd quit looking under boxes."

"Come on, Bill!" I urged, nudging his elbow. I was almost sure about trouble now.

"It is a nuisance," the Mountie admitted, "particularly in these cases from across the border, where you've got to get in touch with Immigration and maybe herd your case down to Toronto, by hand. Ed and I were looking forward to some fishing."

Bill reached out in a casual way and took a grip on the prisoner's arm. He faced him around, in the direction of Arctic Airways shack, and started strolling away with him. "Let's just pretend," he said vaguely to nobody in particular, "that the train didn't get to Shoo-Fly to-day. A lot of our Canadian kids are slipping across into the States. Both sides of the border swapping 'em. What difference does it make?"

The two Mounties looked at me. I looked at the Mounties. Then all three of us shrugged to express the same thought. You can't do anything with a crazy bush pilot.

"All right, this time," Charlie called out after Bill, "provided you can certify to Immigration that he won't do any work while he's in Canada."

Bill, walking along with the ex-prisoner, turned around and grinned at us. "Does he look like the kind that would do any work?"

All three of us shrugged again, helplessly, and I followed along after Bill and the boy down to Arctic Airways' shack.

We had a good view of him a few minutes later, across the table and over a meal. Bill said, "What's your name, son?"

"Wallace Jones."

"Where from?"

"Detroit. I thought Canada was supposed to be friendly to Americans. That's no way to treat a tourist."

"A tourist isn't supposed to ride

in a side-door Pullman. How much cash have you got?"

"What difference does that make? I'll get along!"

"That's what I was about to suggest," Bill told him. "You can get along on the nine o'clock train. Engineman's a friend of ours. Keep going right across the border. Nice-looking fellow like you doesn't want his name in the police files." Bill reached into his pocket. "Maybe you'll need a little grubstake along the way."

He slipped a two-dollar bill under the table, but the kid ignored it.

"Nice little layout you chaps have here," he complimented us.

"Thanks," said Bill.

"Ought to make quite a tidy little air service if it's promoted right," the kid continued. "Of course, it's hard to predict without an industrial survey, but you've got a clever name here—Arctic Airways. Good sales appeal. With the right kind of a public-relations man, there's no reason why you couldn't make Canada quite a little country in the aviation line."

Bill nodded solemnly, looking at me out of the corner of his eye. Behind the long words we were getting the idea. Wally Jones was angling for a job.

By

JIM CRANG

and WINSTON NORMAN

"Ever hear of consumer conditioning?" the kid inquired.

Bill looked impressed. "You mean that system of keeping people at an even temperature so they won't spoil?"

"Oh, no," said young Jones, with a smile of tolerance for Bill's ignorance. "Consumer conditioning," he explained, "is the modern scientific approach to a mass market. Take your little air service, for instance. If you made a survey you'd probably find that a large cross section of the public has the subconscious urge to fly. That's simple economics. You've got to awaken the urge without giving their sales resistance a chance to formulate. The usual methods of advertising won't do it. Consumer conditioning is the thing."

"I haven't had very wide experiences, but I think I'm pretty well qualified in that line."

"As I get it," Bill said, looking confused, "consumer conditioning hits people over the head before they know what happened, and when they wake up they're flying in an aeroplane?" He looked at his watch and stood up. "Getting near train time, kid."

"There's one thing more," Wally Jones continued frantically, with the scared light back in his eyes again. "I can make the market research, but you've got to get a new aeroplane. That one out there wouldn't inspire confidence in the consumer."

The kid was right. Old Sweetheart, our biplane, perched on her pontoons at the lake shore, didn't inspire anything but comparison with a rather large, friendly old duck.

"All right. We'll get a nice, streamlined aeroplane," Bill prom-

ised. "Remind me to-morrow, Hap, to draw out 65,000 dollars and buy a couple." He reached out and took the hand of Wally Jones, shaking it as he led him towards the door of our shack.

A few minutes later the nine o'clock chugged out of Shoo-Fly station, and Bill looked up from the ledger where he was balancing our deficits. "Well, Hap, that's that. Nice kid—and totally useless. He knows the answers and none of the questions. How can anybody use kids like that, these days? . . . Guess I'll turn in. We've got to fly to-morrow."

Next morning we found Wally Jones sleeping peacefully in the cabin of our plane. But the night after, and the night after that, he slept in Arctic Airways shack.

Every day Bill told him sternly, "To-night you ride the blinde on the nine o'clock, and no funny business."

And each morning the kid was still with us.

Wally Jones borrowed some breeches and boots from me, and began to look every inch the frontiersman. He must have learned it in the movies. He brightened our dull evenings with talk about things in the civilised world. The youth nuisance had come to stay, but he did not seem able to do anything we set him to.

"How the devil are we going to get rid of him, Hap?" Bill asked.

"I hate to turn him back to the Mounties."

On the fourth day of the youth nuisance, Wally

Jones got a chance to try his public relations on somebody, and it very nearly wrecked us. Bill and I came back in Sweetheart from a charter flight, groggy with work, because this was our busy season, and when we walked into the shack we found Wally entertaining company.

He introduced a bulbous gentleman. "This is Mr. O. P. Padgett, of Cleveland," he announced. "And, Miss Padgett, this is Mr. Brown, our pilot. This is Mr. Mack, our mechanic."

Bill and I shook hands feebly with O. P. Padgett and his daughter Jean.

"I told Mr. Padgett that we'd get started this afternoon," Wally continued, in his best public-relations manner. "How's the aircraft, Mac? All ready?"

"Yes, sir," I said respectfully. I didn't have the heart to deflate the kid, because this pretty Padgett girl was already a conditioned consumer. The travel agency in Toronto had wired us about Padgett and his daughter. A big tool-and-die executive from Cleveland, who wanted to be flown to a good fishing lake. We do a lot of that work in Arctic Airways.

Padgett didn't look very important. He looked like a nice old fellow with a round face. "Young what's-his-name here," he said, "young Jones, says the fishing's fine. Been telling me great things about the trout and bass you get. Doctor says I have to rest. Jean, here, is sort of riding herd on me. Think I can get a rest and forty pounds of fish in three days? Promised all my friends."

Bill opened his mouth to answer,



but Wally got there first. "Don't you worry, Mr. Padgett," he said affably. "We'll take care of you. You haven't got a thing to worry about. Brown here is a fine pilot. You're in good hands."

"Just for that," said Bill suddenly, finding his voice, "you'll be the guide." Young Jones' Bill announced to the tool-and-die executive, "is a remarkable man with fish, and he knows the north woods better than the fellow that built 'em."

O. P. Padgett and his daughter looked at Wally Jones with new respect.

"Well," said Padgett enthusiastically. "How soon can we start?"

"Right now," said Bill, in a choked voice. He and I bumped into each other, rushing for the door. I had to get outside and laugh before it killed me. "That was an inspiration!" I said.

Bill chuckled, "There's more than

one way to get rid of a nuisance. We'll take the kid along, and let nature take its course."

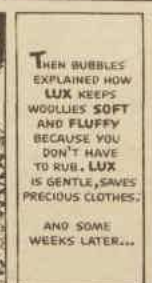
I got serious. "We won't have room for him. Not for Padgett and his daughter and Frenchy Laflamme. That would be six people, counting us—and at least five hundred pounds of tents and camping gear."

"We're not taking Frenchy Laflamme," Bill said. "Hurry up. Get the gear on board. Fuel the ship. Stow in some grub."

I never had a chance to protest that this was murder. Frenchy Laflamme is the best guide in Canada.

Bill and I had flying jobs to do—a geologist, a flock of prospectors, and a diamond drill crew to set up in the bush. What would Wally Jones do to a fishing expedition if we weren't there to help him? I had no opportunity to ask the question, because Padgett was watching us amiably as we loaded Sweetheart.

BUBBLES - BABY TALK





Wally's efforts at cooking threatened to set the entire camp on fire.

and warmed her up. His daughter Jean was watching, too—so Wally Jones went running around, looking like a guide, and getting in the way.

I went over to Laflamme's boat-house and stole the most untippable canoe he had. I paddled it back, and Bill and I lashed it on Sweetheart's starboard pontoon.

When we were all ready for the take-off, O. P. Padgett looked doubtful at the big canoe sitting on our boat, and said, "Can you fly that thing with that thing on it?"

"Don't worry, Mr. Padgett," Wally said, popping his head out of the cabin. "Brown, here, will take good care of you." Then he went up to where Bill was sitting at the controls, and whispered, "Of course, I'm pretty well acquainted with flying in a general way, but what kind of fish will we be fishing for? What would you advise us to use for bait?"

Bill grinned. "Try consumer con-fusion," he suggested. He gunned the engine and shouted, "All clear, Hap! Load 'em aboard and let's go!"

We had been up fifty minutes, and the wilderness was even more beautiful now, two thousand feet above us. I looked at Wally. He was huddled back there on the tent as the tail of the plane, with a definite case of whoops from the pumps. He smiled at me, vaguely, like a man who finds a fellow passenger at the ship's rail.

"What about that one, Jones?" Padgett shouted. "How about that big lake down there?"

Wally averted his face and staggered forward, suppressing a hic-cough. "Looks good to me," he agreed, in a voice that croaked. "Think we'd better—think we'd

better land there. Hey, Mack, tell the pilot to land there!"

Jean looked out the window. I told Bill. He grinned and banked over on the left wing. Wally collapsed into a heap of misery, back in the tail, as we circled towards the fishing paradise O. P. Padgett had chosen.

"What's the name of this lake, pilot?" Padgett shouted, as we drifted down.

"Padgett Lake," Bill shouted.

"What lake?"

"O. P. Padgett Lake. You'll be the first human being to drop a fishline into it."

Right then you could have bought the world's biggest tool-and-die works for a nickel. O. P. Padgett started to go crazy. He acted like a five-year-old boy with pride.

The kid recovered quickly. There was not even the suggestion of a hic-cough when he reached up, in a brilliant way, to help Jean out of the plane and onto the rocky little island Bill had chosen for the camp site. "Well, here we are," said Wally expansively.

"Yes," Jean agreed. "And do you feel better now?"

"Funny thing," said Wally, making light of it. "Must have been something I ate."

We unloaded Sweetheart and made the camp. In spite of Wally's help, we got the underbrush cleared for two small tents—one for Jean, the other for Padgett and their guide. We started pitching them on the windward side of the island, where stray mosquitoes would blow away. My heart sank when Bill gave Wally the axe and suggested that he try to cut two Y-shaped props for the cooking spit, without amputating either leg. We worked fast, so it would look as if Wally had built the camp.

O. P. Padgett was already a hundred yards away, cruising around in the fat canoe with his shiny fishing pole. He had stood on the shores of O. P. Padgett Lake. Then he had yelled for us to get the canoe off the pontoon. He jumped in, flailed the paddle for a while—and then, pretty soon, dropping the lure overboard, he started catching the right fish with the wrong bait. I saw a big bass come over the side, into his lap.

Jean decided to have a swim in the lake, and Bill told Wally, curtsy, that he'd better try his hand at setting out a meal.

It was a bad move. By the time father and daughter returned in triumph from their respective sports, Wally's efforts with a pan of burning fat were threatening to set the entire camp on fire, and Bill and I only just managed to take over in time.

BILL and I flew early the next morning to get our geologist, but, even before we had our boots on, a breakfast fire was crackling near the tents and Jean was filling the coffee-pot.

"What's the idea?" Bill demanded, smiling. "You're not supposed to work."

Jean looked up at us, and then looked down again. She knew we knew, but she said, "I used to be a Campfire Girl, and I just love to cook, but the servants won't let me in the kitchen at home."

So we didn't bother to wake up the public-relations kid. He was still snoozing when O. P. Padgett came charging out of the tent like a moose, burned his tongue on a cup of hot coffee, jumped into the canoe, and went off to catch all the fish in northern Canada.

I remember Padgett shaking his fist at us when we took off and boomed up over him, scaring the bass. Then, after that, I remember worrying all day. What did a mere geologist and a few mines matter? Sooner or later, I reasoned, Wally Jones would wake up and start to be a guide. Then anything might happen. Not even Jean could save him.

So when we put down again on O. P. Padgett Lake that evening, I was somewhat relieved to find everybody alive and a nice dinner cooking under Jean's capable fingers. Wally the Woodsman was telling her about crepes Suzette. I sneaked off and chopped some more firewood, doing it as quietly as possible, while Bill absent-mindedly cleaned a few of the seventeen bass which O. P. Padgett had snared.

We yelled for Padgett again, and he came back, protesting, with five more. Another night, another campfire, and the man whose name was a watchword in American industry just didn't give a hang any more. "I don't care," he said drowsily. "If we do have a war, let 'em have a war! Who cares?" Then he started snoring, and we loaded him into his tent.

Jean stayed awake a little longer that second night, possibly from the excitement of studying Wally's rugged profile. Next to a woman's guide, nothing is so wonderful as her ability to cook for her man and like it.

"I'm afraid," she admitted to Bill the next morning, when we caught her lighting the breakfast fire again, "that Daddy is a little annoyed with me. He says I've got to catch some fish to-day, because this is our last day. I don't really like to catch fish. But I promised to catch one this afternoon, so Daddy will be satisfied. Why are you looking at me like that? I love to cook. Really I do!"

Bill and I, full of Jean's good

scrambled eggs, took off in Sweetheart just as Wally the Woodsman came out of his tent.

That day we had two prospectors and a diamond-drill outfit. We did seven hundred miles, with two stops at Shoo-Fly. Flying is dull business at best, but I had thoughts to keep my spine curling with dread. I saw O. P. Padgett lying dead, shot with a 38 revolver by Wally the Woodsman, who had mistaken him for a bear. I saw beautiful little Jean Padgett writhing in agony, victim of crepes Suzette made by Wally the Woodsman from the insect powder instead of the flour. I saw chaos and manslaughter, both voluntary and involuntary, and something told me we'd better fly back to Padgett Lake, quick.

"Hurry up, Bill!" I pleaded. "We'd better get back there."

"Steady, boy," said Bill cheerfully. "Get a grip on yourself. Rest easy, and let nature take its course."

The summer sun was angling from the west across O. P. Padgett Lake when we drifted down to pick up our customers. We had to get them back to Shoo-Fly and aboard the nine o'clock train.

I had been imagining disaster for so many hours that I didn't notice the real thing when I saw it, down there below us. Things were happening on Padgett Lake. A man was jumping up and down on the shore of the island beside the two tents. From the way he waved his arms, I knew he was excited. From his bulk, I knew it was Padgett.

Out on the deep waters of the lake, far from help, Frenchy Laflamme's canoe was foundered, bottom up. A paddle was floating beside it. Two people were struggling in the water nearby. One of them was Wally. The other, Jean.

Please turn to page 10

Smooth? Naturally! it's a CRAVEN A —and they never vary!



Yes! There is an
advantage in quality



My throat noticed the extra coolness and smoothness of Craven A at once. And the cork tip is an added touch of luxury, protecting my lips from stain. Craven A earn full marks for smoking pleasure.

10 for 11d. 20 for 1/10
ALSO IN FIFTIES

MADE SPECIALLY TO PREVENT SORE THROATS

Eternity ring for her lovely hands



Do your hands invite an engagement ring? Or are they dull, coarse and rough? You can make your hands soft, smooth, caressable. Before retiring each night, sprinkle a few drops of Pond's Hand Lotion onto the palms of your hands and massage well in with a hand washing motion. Pond's Hand Lotion is silky-smooth—not the least bit greasy. It is obtainable at all stores and chemists.

Know-It-All

Continued from page 9

"QUICK!" I shouted to Bill, and I climbed back into the cabin so I could get the float the minute we hit.

Bill had seen the situation. He sideslipped in one long, sickening swoop, and the instant we touched the water he gunned the engine to sixty miles an hour. I stood on the float, boots and all, ready to dive in.

They were getting near shore by the time we drifted close enough for me to jump in after them. Jean had collected the paddle, and was around in the back of the canoe, flutter-kicking it toward the island, where her father was still jumping up and down.

Just as I leaped from the plane to rescue the kid, who was going under for what seemed the tenth time, I heard O. P. Padgett yelling strange phrases for a man who witnessed a drowning. "Hang on to him, kid!" Padgett yelled. "Hang on, you son-of-a-gun!"

It was too late for me to stop. I was already in the air. I hit the water with a belly flop, and came up to see what Wally the Woodsman was doing.

He was gasping and choking, swimming like a windmill for a few strokes, then going under again. I tried to grab him. He shouted, "Keep away!"

I swam around, feeling foolish, until the drowning party got close to the island. Jean was pushing the canoe along very calmly. At last Wally got a footing where the water was shallow. He came up out of O. P. Padgett Lake with fragments of a broken fishpole in his hand and a snarl of fishline all around it. The line was tagging and jumping in a way that explained why he had seemed to be drowning.

When Jean pulled herself out of the lake and ran to help Wally, O. P. Padgett shouted with glee. "Attaboy, son! Play him, now! Play him easy!"

So the kid reeled in snarled line for a while, and then handed the whole mess to Jean. "Quick!" he said. "Land it!"

Something went past me in the water. It was a fish on its way to shore. I thought it was a shark for a minute, but then, as they got it up on the beach and it began to flop in great jumps, I saw that it was only a muskellunge, weighing about thirty pounds or so. I went under. When I came to the surface again, Wally the Woodsman was tackling Jean's prize catch so it wouldn't flop back into the lake. He grabbed the big silver fish just as I shouted a warning that a muskellunge fights to the bitter end, with a set of jaws like an alligator.

Two seconds later there was no use yelling—because the kid's hand was covered with blood, where the musky had bitten him. Jean was running over to take care of her wounded hero. O. P. Padgett had clubbed the fish with the paddle, and was holding it up, beaming in pride at his daughter.

I came out of the water and looked around. I saw Bill, out there, standing on a float of the plane, his hand on the cowl, his mouth wide open. Sweetheart was drifting aimlessly—and the shadows on the far side of Padgett Lake warned me that it was time to load up and fly.

We got all the camp gear aboard Sweetheart in a hurry, without anybody to hinder us, because Wally the Woodsman was in the care of a sympathetic young nurse.

Just before we left, Bill nailed a sign on a spruce tree. The sign said, in rough block letters:

O. P. Padgett Lake
No Trespassing
and the thrill of that moment, on top of his other triumphs, was almost too much for Padgett.

Our take-off run was longer than usual, because we were travelling heavier. Sweetheart was bulging with O. P. Padgett's fish. Biggest of them was the thirty-pound muskellunge, neatly packed in salt.

The flight home was beautiful. I was back in the cabin with our passengers. Padgett sat on one side, with Jean in the seat behind him, and the kid sat on the other side. No whoops for Wally this time.

I watched Padgett, and saw the miracle that never fails in our wilderness. He sat there, looking forty years younger, peering down sadly at the hundreds of virgin lakes that drifted under us.

Animal Antics



"Let's see... 'OINK OINK STOP OINK OINK STOP. You can have one more grant for the same money.'"

plant or something. Always need bright young fellows. Truth of the matter is, doctor says I've got to get away a lot. Blood pressure. Personnel office will be mad as hops, but we got to fix it so you can get off for the fish stuff. Then he looked malevolently at the back of Bill Brown's neck. Bill didn't seem to be listening as he flew. "How much salary they pay you here, Wally?"

"Not very much," the kid confessed. "What about it, pilot?" Padgett shouted suddenly at Bill. "Could you get along without this young fellow here?"

"We could try," said Bill fervently. "We could certainly try, Mr. Padgett! That is, if you pay him enough."

The kid gulped again. "Mr. Padgett," he said, "you mean you're offering me a position?"

"Position?" Padgett exploded. He ruffled up, like an executive. "No! A job."

NOTHING unusual happened on our trip home to Shoo-Fly. It was so uneventful that little Jean Padgett seemed bored.

Then, just before Bill slapped Sweetheart down on our lake, Jean leaned forward and kissed O. P. Padgett on his right ear. Just an impulse, I guess, to show that she was fond of her Daddy.

I didn't go up to Shoo-Fly station, for the usual ceremony of seeing American customers off, until after I had moored Sweetheart. I arrived at the station, just as the porters were yelling, "Board!"

Ahead of me, strolling along the platform side by side, were Wally and Jean. The kid was wearing a salt-and-pepper tweed suit that gave him a debonair touch. The suit looked suspiciously like one of Old Bill's. As the kid bent over Jean, very solicitous, she took hold of his bandaged hand, and examined it professionally. The kid said something. They both laughed. Jean looked up at him, with her soul shining in those arctic blue eyes.

Our two Mounties, Charlie and Ed, had come to see the train off, as usual.

When the kid saw the Mounties, he stopped, took Jean's elbow very politely, and said: "Miss Padgett, I want you to meet a couple of friends of mine. This is Charlie. And that's Ed. Well, so long, you chaps—and thanks for everything."

Then he helped Jean aboard the train, while the Mounties just stood there, hats in hand, looking astonished.

The train began to move, and we looked up. O. P. Padgett himself loomed above us, leaning affably on the top half of the vestibule door. He was smoking one of his custom-built cigars. The kid was beside him. Wally had a cigar, too.

"Just thought of something, pilot," Padgett announced as the train gathered speed. "Annual meeting of distributors next month. Be hot in Cleveland. Young Jones, here, made a suggestion. No reason why we can't settle sales problems up on Padgett Lake, just as easy as down at the works. Be about two dozen of us. You handle the transportation and camp stuff, and Jones! take care of the fishing end. I'll wire you a confirmation. So long!"

We stood there until the train was out of sight and we couldn't see Wally waving any more. "Well, Hap," said Bill in a choked voice, as we turned to go, "that's that. More than one way to get rid of a nuisance! It'll seem nice and peaceful around the shack without the kid, won't it? Except," he added, thoughtfully, "it may seem a little lonesome at first."

(Copyright)

Buy National Savings Bonds



Every pound that you don't spend—
Is a precious pound that you can lend!
One pound a month—more if you can—
Buy a Savings Bond on the lay-by plan.

RHYMES OF THE TIMES BY
KATSEL

ET 42-6

This space is donated to the National War Effort



Movie World

★ Delightful spring study of Anne Baxter, Fox's vivacious 19-year-old starlet, who has just completed the feminine lead in the film of Nevil Shute's war romance, "Pied Piper." On

the stage since she was 13, Anne came to films two years ago, has made "Swamp Water" and "20-Mule Team"—but still studies acting with veteran player Maria Ouspenskaya.

The finest Soap for a lovely baby

Always use Cuticura Soap for baby's bath. See how it comforts and refreshes, leaves his skin glowing with health, soft and velvety. Cuticura Soap is the sure way of purifying and cleansing the skin.



Cuticura
SOAP
FOR BABY



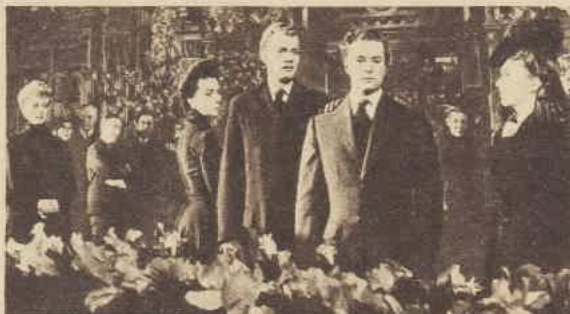
1 PROUD Amberson family's daughter Isabel (D. Costello) turns down Morgan (Cotton) to marry Minafer.



Magnificent Ambersons



2 EIGHTEEN YEARS LATER Morgan (second left), now widower and wealthy manufacturer of "horseless carriage," is welcomed back to home town by Amberson (Bennett), Isabel, Minafer, Minafer's sister Fanny (Agnes Moorhead).



3 WITH DEATH of Minafer, Isabel's arrogant and snobbish son George (Tim Holt) begins ordering his weak mother's life, for he is used to having his own selfish way.



4 ALTHOUGH HE LOVES Morgan's daughter (Anne Baxter) George despises Morgan for his motor trade, little suspecting latter is paying court to his mother.

[ADVERTISEMENT]

The Lady Rosemary Gresham

Lady Rosemary Gresham is the daughter of the 21st Earl of Erroll. She too follows the famous Pond's beauty ritual. Listen to what she says. "I've found Pond's Cold Cream perfect for cleansing and stimulating the skin, and Pond's Vanishing Cream has made my skin look younger, smoother and clearer." You can make your skin lovelier by following the Pond's beauty ritual.



5 JEALOUS FANNY tells infuriated George of town gossip about romance of Morgan and Isabel.



6 REFUSING TO PERMIT Morgan in house George forces mother to promise never to see him again, and takes her off to Europe, closing down their home.



7 FIVE YEARS later Isabel, dying, returns home, but still George prevents Morgan from seeing her.

Welles made this film

ORSON WELLES, whose first film, "Citizen Kane," caused so much excited admiration in the film world, gives you his second production for RKO, "The Magnificent Ambersons," which he produced, directed, screen-scripted, but did not act in. Two of Welles' Mercury Players who made their debut in "Citizen Kane," Ray Collins and Joseph Cotton, are in his new film. Welles also brings back to the screen Dolores Costello and Richard Bennett, father of Joan and Constance Bennett—among America's best-known veteran stage actors.

Based on Booth Tarkington's Pulitzer prize-winning novel, "The Magnificent Ambersons" deals with the 1885-1913 period in rural America, and in particular with the changing fortunes wrought in the aristocratic Amberson family by the growth of the motor car industry.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Business Day — Dancing Night Avoid Underarm Odour!

Be sure of
your deodorant
— Pleasant,
convenient Mum
is quick, sure,
safe!



HOW MANY success stories in business, in life, stop short of one unsuspected fault? You yourself seldom know when you're guilty of underarm odour. To be safe, use a dependable deodorant—quick, safe, effective Mum every day. Your bath only takes care of past perspiration, Mum, so easy to use, prevents risk of underarm odour to come.

MUM SAVES TIME. Mum takes only 30 seconds. Even after underarm shaving, it won't irritate skin.

SAVES CLOTHES. Harmless to fabrics. Convenient—use it even after you're dressed. It means clothes economy.

SAVES CHARM. Without stopping perspiration, Mum prevents risk of underarm odour for hours.

GET **MUM** TO-DAY!

TAKES THE ODOUR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

2567

Adelyn Washing FROCKS



A combination that will make Fashion History. Adelyn superb designing in Grafton (anti-shrink) fabrics. Can't shrink—can't fade—can't stretch. Easy to wash—easier to iron—easiest to dry. No Dry Cleaning expenses. Use coupons for maximum quality at war-time economy prices. Don't purchase your frock until you have seen and fitted an Adelyn creation. Ask your favourite store for Adelyn. For can't fade, shrink or stretch. Refuse imitations. Look for the Adelyn Label on your frock, plus Grafton identity.

12 Coupons.

REMEMBER THE NAME

Adelyn

they're
Unanimous!



"As soon as they need a tonic, it's Clements they take!"

THE mother of a large family wrote this unsolicited testimonial for Clements. It's one of thousands received from grateful men and women who thank Clements Tonic for vigorous health. Clements is a natural restorative, that rebuilds wasted nerve cells, bone, blood and tissue. When your health is flagging because of worry, severe mental strain or overwork, seek relief in a course of Clements Tonic.

Others write: "Clements Tonic every time for me!" "There's nothing as good, and none better than Clements!"

THEY'RE ALL FOR
**CLEMENTS
TONIC**



STAR CARGO FOR BRITAIN



Frank McHugh Allan Jenkins Al Jolson

MERLE OBERON EXPLAINS FLYING VISIT OF GROUP

From ANNE MATHESON in London

A GROUP of American film stars descended on London this week—having flown the Atlantic on a mission of entertaining American troops in Britain.

The group's leader is, however, Australian-born, English-adopted Merle Oberon, who introduced her fellow-stars to the Press at a cocktail party at Claridge's Hotel.

I met Patricia Morison, Al Jolson, Frank McHugh, Allan Jenkins—all still breathless from having left the States at an hour's notice.

"I hadn't time to bring anything but an overnight bag!" Merle herself told me. "I will have to depend on what clothes I can scramble together for my stage and street costumes. But I guess the troops won't be minding what we wear, will they?"

Merle will also play for the British factory workers. "I think they are doing a grand job of work, and my

heart goes out to them in their long night-shifts," exclaimed the star.

She will have a very heavy working schedule, playing in camps as well as industrial areas, and it is all crammed into a four weeks' visit.

Allan Jenkins joined Merle in saying, "Gee! We're glad to get this chance to come over and do what we can."

Merle said, "I just cried when I was flying over here, and though I was told I must on no account look out of the plane I had to have one peep at poor, bombed England, then burst into tears."

Her own lovely Regency home stands in much-bombed York Terrace, skirting Regent's Park. She said, "I can't bear to go there and see what damage has been done, but I suppose I must steel myself for the visit. I think the people are simply marvellous the way they've stood up to all this bombing, and it's even worse than anything I could have imagined from pictures and papers."

This is the second time Merle has visited England since the war began. Her arrival is extremely timely, for sections of the British Press and many of her fans felt she should have been well on her way to her homeland when British citizens in America were asked to come home. Merle, however, had all her plans in the bag for her return, and was only awaiting transportation.

Her trip, like that of the rest of these Hollywood film stars, is an experiment. It will be the forerunner of other visits by Hollywoodites to the troops.

Alexander Korda (now Sir Alexander) will join his wife in England. "I don't know how Alex makes all those flights," exclaimed Merle. "It is the first time I've crossed the Atlantic in a bomber, and I am thoroughly exhausted. I was thinking I'd be sleeping all the way, as I stayed up all night before leaving. But it turned out we had to be up at various places we called at. The



Merle Oberon is delighted to be back in England again, if only for four weeks (with the stars at left) to entertain American troops.



In times like these
old friends
are best

You can be really well if you remember your Beecham's Pills. You can avoid ailments caused by constipation and impure blood—liver-itchiness, stomach upsets, overweight, depression, bodily aches and pains. This is the fourth generation to trust Beecham's Pills—to-day they are the Golden Rule of Health for millions of sensible men and women.

Purely vegetable

Beecham's Pills

1/- and 2/6
per box

Worth a Guinea a Box



stands for all that is best in cotton. Fine quality, durability and whiteness, these points must be remembered when buying Sheets or Pillowcases, and for 150 years, discerning housewives have obtained the best and paid no more by asking for

Horrockses

Sheets Pillowcases & Towels

MAKERS OF THE WORLD FAMOUS A.I. LONGCLOTH
BUY WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATES.

For Private Views and special Film Cable from Hollywood, see page 31

Stop Kidney Poisoning To-day

If you suffer sharp, stabbing pains, if your back is swollen, if you are poisoned through faulty kidney action. Other symptoms of Kidney Disorders are Broken Rest, Backaches, Lumbago, Leg Pains, Nervousness, Dizziness, Headaches, Colds, Putty Ankles, Chills under Eyes, Lack of Energy, Appetite, etc. Ordinary medicines can't help much—you must kill the germs ruining health. Cystex relieves these troubles by removing the cause. Get Cystex from any chemist or store on Guarantee to satisfy or money back. In 24 hours you will feel better. The Cystex Guarantee protects you. New in 2 sizes, 4/-, 8/-. Guaranteed for Kidneys, Bladder, Rheumatism.



Wheat is man's most vital food...

...and WEETBIX
is wheat at it's
very best!



Every mother knows how important it is to see that her children eat "plenty of green vegetables." But few realise that **WHEAT** is just as essential to happy, healthy child development!

Containing such vital life-giving elements as carbohydrates, proteins and mineral salts, wheat provides nearly everything the growing child needs for sturdy growth, radiant vitality and rich red blood—and **WEET-BIX** is wheat at its very best! Each crisp, golden brown flake is, in fact, a whole wheat grain!

Served in less time than it takes to tell—with milk, cream or stewed fruit—this vital wheat food should be on every breakfast table. Start serving it in your home tomorrow—with a sprinkling of **SAN-BRAN**—the gentlest and most natural laxative of all. Obtainable from all grocers.



Wheat is a grain which contains the most natural source of concentrated (2) CARBOHYDRATES, which provide the body with fuel and energy. (3) PROTEINS, the "body-builders," enhance its muscle and strength and (4) MINERAL SALTS, the rich red blood, in addition to certain essential vitamins, those which help the digestive organs to utilize all that is good in the food.



WEET-BIX

Delicious whole wheat flake biscuits — all ready to serve. Flavoured with pure wholesome malt for extra goodness.

GRANOSE

Equally good, but flavoured with salt only for those who prefer a "savory" breakfast cereal.

BIXIES

Big, crisp golden-brown wheat flakes cooked to perfection, and made extra tasty by the addition of malt and honey.

SAN-BRAN

Extra fine so that this natural laxative action is particularly gentle. Add to any breakfast cereal or serve with stewed fruit.

She Who Would Valiant Be

Continued from page 7

THE German controls held him for nearly an hour, going over his papers and asking him dull questions in broken English. He found it necessary to tell in detail the history of the old ladies, and the Germans seemed to find it as improbable as he himself did.

But at last they allowed him to go, accompanied by a soldier who would conduct him to the Hotel Bristol, where he had been instructed to go and where the German controls said all Americans were segregated.

He had somehow expected Paris to be a city of light and gaiety. What he looked out upon across the darkened Seine was a dead city.

To his companion, he said: "Automobile — taxi — car — very loudly, as if that would help the man to understand."

The soldier grunted and replied, "Kenne automobilien."

So that was it. He'd have to walk, carrying his suitcase.

They walked across a bridge, and he stopped to look down at the river, but there was nothing to be seen, only the reflection of the stars glistened in the slow-moving water.

At about three the next afternoon, old Nicolas came, pale with excitement, to tell Miss Maria that there was a car at the gate and a young man getting out of it.

What Miss Maria saw from the upper floor was a rather battered car with an American flag flying from the bonnet and a young man with a suitcase. For a moment her heart stopped beating, and she thought, "They have come from the Embassy to take us away."

Then, with wild excitement, she thought, "Maybe it is Cousin Gerald's boy."

She hurried down the steep stairs. By the time she reached the drawing-room she had convinced herself that the young man was Cousin Gerald's boy—a relative coming to visit them! A Wingate!

Miss Susan and Miss Ellen and Baby Emmeline received the tidings with a sense of shock, and then, recovering, clustered like a covey of fluttering birds about the window.

By supper time the flutter among the old ladies had died a bit, and afterwards they all sat round the fire.

The sergeant arrived as usual to call the roll, and the discovery of a strange young American upset him. After a long time he came to the conclusion that Cousin Gerald III would have to accompany him to headquarters, although he had already been there and registered and been told that he could remain for two days.

When he and the sergeant had gone away, Baby Emmeline came out of the cupboard and they all talked about Cousin Gerald III. Now that the first excitement of the visit was over, they all succumbed in their various ways to a period of calm, almost of reaction.

Miss Susan, the most placid of them, said, "He seems a nice boy—so kind to come all the way here to rescue us."

The remark was met by a silence, for each of the other three, having formed opinions of her own, was unwilling to cast the first stone. The truth was that they found Cousin Gerald III rather a shock, and not at all a Wingate.

It was Miss Ellen who spoke first. "I must say that he does seem rather easy and familiar, even if he is a cousin."

Then Miss Maria spoke. "We do have to remember that he was born and brought up among the Yankees."

Baby Emmeline was silent. It

seemed to her that they were ungenerous, considering the boy had come all the way from New York to rescue them. Yet she had to admit to herself that she did not care for him especially.

But perhaps all young Americans were like that. She had heard stories and read about them now and then in novels, where they seemed rather free and easy and bad mannered. But she said, very sensibly:

"It's too bad that he isn't better brought up; but that's not important. The important thing is that we ought to make plans about leaving. I've come to the conclusion that we ought to go."

Her sisters looked at her in surprise.

"There is a good deal to be done," she said. "If we are to leave the day after to-morrow. We shall have to close up the house and arrange for living expenses for Nicolas as caretaker."

She went on talking, telling them little lies and giving them false hopes, like the belief that the Embassy would take charge of the furniture and see that it was shipped to America—back again to America after seventy-five years! She thought, "They must go. They will never survive the cold and hardships of the winter."

She did not think of herself, perhaps because, as she talked, she felt so much younger than the others—so immensely younger.

Presently, by talking gently, she induced them to consider what they would take—which dresses and costumes and what knick-knacks out of all the collection that filled the house.

They could not take much, since all of them, with all their luggage, would have to crowd into a single car. It was a terrible problem—the choice after so long a time of exactly what they would take. Miss Susan began to cry and had to be comforted.

Nine o'clock came, and Cousin Gerald returned. For a long while he talked about America, and they listened because they had never in all their lives talked to anyone like him. The things he told them were fascinating but frightening. They heard about subway jams and the life of prohibition days and glamorous girls and Hollywood and the luxury of Park Avenue apartments.

America, said Cousin Gerald, was wonderful and exciting.

At last he grew tired and suggested that they should all go to bed. None of the sisters went to sleep until nearly dawn. A curious dread hung over them.

Baby Emmeline did not sleep at all.

ABOUT daylight, when Miss Maria had at last fallen asleep, she rose and dressed and went out to walk in the garden. It was the only time she was safe from being spied upon.

She was trying to decide what they should do.

The bell of the little church in the village began to ring for early mass, and she knew that she would have to return to the house and hide in the cupboard until the sergeant had made his call and gone away. But she felt better now. Something in the clear, crisp air of the October morning had made her strong again, and she was strong because she had made a decision.

At lunch Cousin Gerald still talked about America. He meant,

in a perfectly goodhearted way, to make them excited about the prospect of going to America; but most of what he told them only frightened them.

When they left the table, Baby Emmeline lingered behind and said, "I would like to speak to you alone for a moment if it's agreeable."

So they went into the small salon, and the old lady told him that the sisters had decided not to be rescued. She talked quietly, her voice soft with apology and the effort to make him understand.

"You see," she said, "my sisters have lived a very quiet life. They have not been in America since they were children, and I have never been there. They are too old to go now. It would be worse for them to try to become accustomed to America than to stay here. We are old, and old ladies do not need much to eat. We may be cold; but we can put on more clothes and burn sticks gathered in the forest."

"We were born in war," she said. "Four times our lives have been upset and changed by war." She smiled. "But somehow it has never touched us. We have managed to survive. We have even managed to be fairly happy."

Again she smiled, a little wearily. "I know we must seem very foolish, and we are sorry to have put you to all this trouble."

"But the Germans—the men in your house?"

"We will not be afraid," she said. "Papa always said that being a lady was the greatest protection a woman could have. We have found it so."

He tried arguing, but it came to nothing. The thin little old lady was as wilful as she was fragile.

Since there was nothing to be done and he could not leave until the Embassy car called the next morning, he went down to the town.

When he had gone, Baby Emmeline went into the drawing-room.

where her sisters were waiting, and as she stepped through the doorway she felt a strange surge of happiness and security. This was their world, the world their father had brought from the South long ago, the world they had preserved through riots and wars and disasters.

She said, "I have told him that we are not going with him."

At the sound of the words the three old ladies began to cry out of sheer relief and happiness.

Miss Maria embraced her and said: "You are wonderful, Baby. I would never have dared to tell him."

"It was not easy," said Emmeline, "but I felt that I had to be firm even if I was rude."

At six Cousin Gerald III came in, very pleased with himself. He had arranged everything, he said. He had bought them two hundred pounds of sugar and nearly a hundred pounds of coffee.

And again Baby Emmeline had to be firm. Gently she said: "You shouldn't have done that. We cannot accept it. You see, the French are our friends. We have always lived among them. We would not feel right having sugar and coffee when they have none."

Cousin Gerald III could think of no answer. A lump came into his throat, tears filled his eyes, and he left the room.

Shortly after the bell on the garden gate jangled, and Baby Emmeline went into the cupboard, and the sergeant came in and read off the names, and the old ladies replied politely as each name was called.

Then, when he had gone, Baby Emmeline came out of the cupboard with her novel, and Miss Maria returned to her dreaming, and Miss Susan and Miss Ellen took up their knitting.

"I'm sure this is what Papa would have wanted us to do," Baby Emmeline said.

(Copyright)

"Headaches were my handicap until... I took BAYER'S ASPIRIN"



The **QUICKEST** way to relieve Headache

HERE'S THE PROOF

Drop a Bayer's Aspirin into a glass of water. In two seconds... by the time it has the bottom of the glass it is disintegrating, proof of the speed with which it begins to act when you swallow it.

Bottle of 24, 1/3
Bottle of 100, 4/-

BAYER'S ASPIRIN
TABLETS

20 YEARS AUSTRALIAN MADE

Develop a BEAUTIFUL BUST



ARE you flat-chested? Do you, sagging lines rob you of your greatest charm? NOW it is so easy to have the full, firm bust that Fashion demands!

IN JUST 30 DAYS

Yes, in just 30 days you can increase the size of your bust—mould them into firm, shapely lines, that are so smart and alluring. Hundreds of women everywhere have developed this greatest of feminine charms by following my simple method. Let me tell you how easily you can have the added attraction of a fashionable figure.

Sent FREE!

If you send me the coupon below, now, I will send you something that will amaze you—at no cost or obligation to yourself. But hurry.

SEND THIS AT ONCE
MARY MONROE, DEPT. 21,
24 Clarence St., Sydney, N.S.W.
Please send me, with no obligation,
your amazing "something." I enclose
3d. in stamps for postage.

NAME
ADDRESS
26/9/42

Add years to the life of your

FELTEX

The many years of wear in Feltex floor covering can be increased if it is protected from dust particles that act as a cutting agent.

Light brushing, or better still the vacuum cleaner, does the job.

SAVING is SERVING AUSTRALIA.

Peacetime service and deliveries of Feltex cannot be maintained.

Economy is the watchword to-day.

SAVE AND INVEST IN
NATIONAL SAVINGS BONDS



More Verses from THE TROOPS

"GOOD-BYE, ALL"

WRITTEN by a stretcher-bearer as a tribute to a nineteen-year-old country lad whom he found on the wire at Tobruk.

"Yes, Dig, I've copped it pretty bad.
Think I've done a wing.
I'm comfortable . . . don't worry,
lad.
You're like a breath of spring.

"A cigarette . . . my oath I will . . .
May prove to be the last.
You Red Cross blokes just take the
pill.
Never wait until you're asked.

"I think I'm going, Nightingale,
Just tell me as a friend
You'll see and tell her without
fall
She's with me to the end."

I held a hand that tightly closed
Around the name he pressed
Into my palm. He dozed,
He closed his eyes in rest.

I've heard the cheers, that sweet
refrain.
I've felt the crowd's pulse throb,
I've clasped the hand of noble
strain.
I've shaken with the mob.

But back o' handshakes I'll recall
His handclasp and his look.
His bravely whispered "Good-bye,
all,"
That still night in Tobruk.

—Pic. J. KNEESHAW, QX14342.



NIGHT . . .

Across the purple mountains dies
the day.
And night falls softly, gently,
as does sleep.

In the valley twinkie lights up
tents,
And silence comes upon the
forest deep.

In gathering gloom I sit and
think of you,
My own beloved, now so far
away.
But ever near in my fond, aching
heart,
Nor absent from my thoughts
by night or day.

Night falls as softly where you are,
my love;
The sunset dies, and stars are
in the sky—
The great trees whisper and the
south wind blows
As I sit here and dream on days
gone by.

The south wind brings a message
o' you, sweet,
Perhaps the very breeze that
fans my cheek
Has touched your hair in passing,
eventime
Beheld you walking—even heard
you speak!

Alas! The wind more fortunate
than I
Can pass unhindered throughout
time and space.
While I can only dream of you, my
love,
And cannot hear your voice or
see your face.

—REV. A. H. THUR, R.A.A.F.

PALESTINE

It's not so easy to believe you're here
In Palestine, though minarets shine
clear.
And mosques and domes stand out
against the sky.
And narrow streets of centuries close
lie.
All huddled in the shadows of high
noon.
You say: "It is a dream. I shall be
waking soon!"
You can't conceive the skyline facing
you
Is really dinkum. It's so strange and
new
To Austral eyes remembering miles
of gum.
You can't believe that you have really
come
Close to the Mount of Olives, that
the breeze
Star-laden with the scent of orange
trees
Stirs the same dust of centuries long
past
That staged the greatest drama ever
cast.
Villages, and wells, and drawing
water.
Hills where the ancient shepherds fed
their sheep
Above the Jordan's waters, dim and
deep.
A midnight sky, with sapphire at its
core.
Set with such stars I've never seen
before—
It's not so easy to believe these things,
Australia tugging at your old heart-
strings!

—Pic. M. G. CLOUGH, NX30018.

IN THE NORTH

Soldiers of the dusty northern bush,
'Neath the faint-traced moon, each
head on pack.
Sleeping lightly, rifle close at hand,
Bren-gun carriers rumbling down
the track.

Night dreams 'mid the purple-shadowed
scrub—
Fancies strange drift through our
fitful sleep.
Visions of our loved ones with us, real
Memories to cherish—and to keep.

—L/Cpl. N. J. MYERS, NX27546.

Illustrated
by
WEP

**I KNOW
I PROVED IT**

**AND ENDED
INDIGESTION**

"I suffered with indigestion, wind
and fullness after meals. I tried
De Witt's Antacid Powder without
any thought of relief, for I had tried
so many things. That trial decided
me to try a tin. No one can realize
the wonderful feeling of relief.

I took De Witt's regularly for a
fortnight and then to prove its
value I ate something that before
would have given me hours of
agony. I purposely avoided taking
a dose of De Witt's Antacid Powder
and suffered no ill results. I have
never had the slightest pain since I
started taking De Witt's Antacid
Powder. Mrs. G. H.

This convincing "I KNOW—I
proved it" spirit brings new hope to
every sufferer. Mrs. G. H. tried so
many things without relief that the
effectiveness of De Witt's Antacid
Powder came as a pleasant surprise.

Week by week, month by month, all
through the year, reports are printed in
the press giving you these convincing
"I KNOW—I proved it" statements,
telling how De Witt's Antacid Powder
overcomes digestive trouble for other
people. We honestly believe this remedy
will give prompt relief and increasing
benefit to every indigestion sufferer.

End stomach troubles now
and eat what you like.
Get your sky-blue canister
to-day!



**DeWitt's
ANTACID POWDER**

A proved remedy for Indigestion, Acid Stomach, Heartburn,
Flatulence and Gastritis. Obtainable from Chemists and
stores, in large sky-blue canisters, price 2/6, Giant size 4/6.

The Australian Women's Weekly — Notice to Contributors

Manuscripts and pictures will be considered. A stamped addressed envelope
should be enclosed if the return of the manuscript or picture is desired. Manus-
cripts and pictures will only be received at sender's risk, and the proprietors of The
Australian Women's Weekly will not be responsible in the event of loss.
Prizes: Readers need not claim for prizes unless they do not receive payment
within one month of date of publication. In the event of similar contributions the
Editor's decision is final.

BEAUTY AT YOUR
FINGERTIPS WITH
CUTEX
SALON POLISH

*Specially prepared
for longer wear*

TRIAL SIZE — 1/2 1/4
REGULAR SIZE — 2/3

**HEARNE'S
BRONCHITIS CURE**

Best By Test For The Chest!

THE most popular, most thoroughly tested
and trusted remedy for effectively dealing with
Coughs, Colds, Croup, Sore Throat
and other chest troubles, is HEARNE'S
Bronchitis Cure. For more than sixty years
HEARNE'S has given proof of its power
to give quick relief, hasten recovery and
lessen any danger from after-effects of
Influenza and Measles.

W. G. HEARNE & CO. LTD., GEELONG

SERVICEWOMEN — We present you with a hostel!



Tribute from The Australian Women's Weekly to our splendid girls in uniform

The Australian Women's Weekly will soon open a splendid hostel for women of the services.

This hostel will be equipped and maintained by us as a tribute to the magnificent job women in the services are doing for the nation.

The hostel will be opened in December and The Australian Women's Weekly hopes to establish similar hostels in other States.

THE hostel will provide comfortable sleeping accommodation, meals, laundry service, hairdressing, library, and there will be an information service and regular entertainments.

We are planning a home from home where servicewomen can meet their friends.

The hostel is centrally situated in David Jones' store, George Street, Sydney, and will be open to all servicewomen in uniform.

It will be a home not only for N.S.W. girls in the services, but for servicewomen travelling from one State to another.

Mothers in other States will know that when their daughters are travelling through N.S.W. they can go to the hostel straight from the railways, and be assured of a friendly welcome.

The hostel, which will occupy three floors, has been planned on the most up-to-date lines.

Sleeping accommodation is situated on the sixth floor. There will be approximately one hundred beds in a dormitory divided into sections

with curtains to provide privacy.

The beds are equipped with inner-spring mattresses and pastel covers in green, blue, and mushroom-pink. At each bedside will be an individual cupboard with drawer and a bedside lamp.

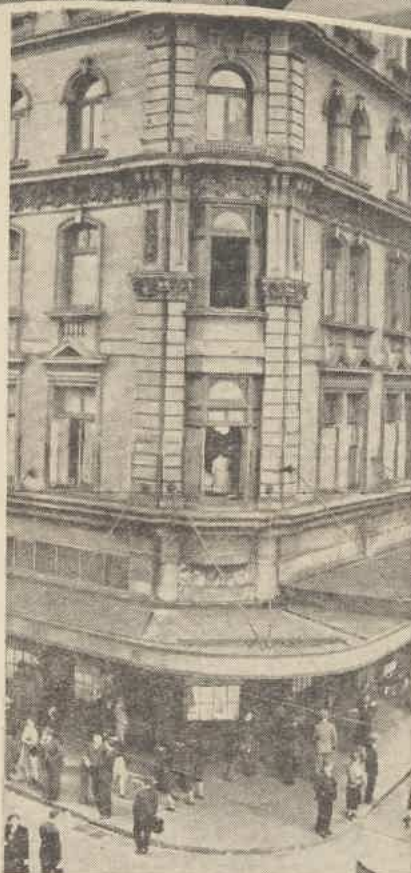
At one end of the dormitory a make-up section is to be installed with lots of mirrors and benches, and there will be plenty of showers and a hairdressing department.

A laundry and ironing room is to be equipped with a specially heated drying cabinet where washing will dry in half an hour.

The resident hostess' bedroom and sitting-room are on this floor.

Voluntary dormitory hostesses will staff this floor day and night to receive the girls and direct them to their beds. A special lift for women only will take the girls direct to the dormitory floor.

Voluntary bedmakers are to be on duty regularly, as most servicewomen will stay in the hostel only one night at a time, and the voluntary bedmaker's job includes changing



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY hostel for women of the services will be located here — David Jones' George Street store, Sydney. It will occupy the 3rd, 4th, and 5th floors.

ing bed linen, sending it on to the laundry, and setting each bed unit in readiness for the next guest.

The charge for a bed at the hostel has been fixed at 2/-.

Two floors down are the dining-room and kitchen to which Mrs. Olwen Francis, The Australian Women's Weekly home economist, has devoted special attention to provide maximum efficiency and minimum labor.

Seating will be available for 270 at small individual tables, and attractive but inexpensive menus have already been planned.

Breakfast of fruit juice, toast, and coffee will cost sixpence with eggs or a similar hot dish for threepence extra.

A salad luncheon will cost tenpence, and a three-course dinner of soup or fruit cocktail, roast or entree, and sweets or ice-cream and coffee for one shilling.

Servicewomen will be able to sponsor one guest each to the dining-room. At one end of the dining-room there will be a reception lounge where girls can wait for guests.

In the reception-room on the floor below the inquiry office, hostess' desks and visitors' waiting-room are located.

Soundproof writing-rooms, fortunately already in existence, will be available, and the library is planned



MRS. ALICE JACKSON, Editor of The Australian Women's Weekly, who is president of the committee of our hostel for servicewomen.

as a quiet room for leisure time.

A large area is to be reserved as a dance floor, with piano, gramophone and radio, where open house entertainments will

Business as usual at David Jones' George St. Store

THE Australian Women's Weekly hostel for servicewomen will occupy the third, fourth, and sixth floors only of David Jones' George Street store.

The business conducted by the firm in these premises has been condensed to occupy less space and will be carried on as usual.

"The fact that the hostel will not only be provided, but also entirely maintained by The Australian Women's Weekly will be of great assistance to the A.C.F. in the big task it is carrying out in looking after all the services."

"The Australian Comforts Fund appreciates the action of The Australian Women's Weekly in providing this hostel in co-operation with the A.C.F.," said Mr. C. R. McKerihan, president of the Rural Bank, who is secretary of the Federal Executive Committee of the Australian Comforts Fund.

"I am fully in accord with the proposal, knowing how much such hostels are needed."

"It will provide well-deserved amenities for our girls in the services, and it will be a great comfort to their parents to know that there is somewhere for their daughters to go when travelling or off duty."



"FULLY IN ACCORD," says Mr. C. R. McKerihan, president of the Rural Bank, who is secretary of the Federal Executive Committee of the Australian Comforts Fund



"A SPLENDID IDEA," says Ald. Stanley Crick, Lord Mayor of Sydney, chairman of the State branch of the Australian Comforts Fund

Shilling drive to help servicewomen

Need for canteens, hostels, clubs, and cheap meals

A million shillings is the quota aimed at from New South Wales for the National Shilling Drive for Servicewomen, which is in full swing this week.

Lady Gowrie is Commonwealth president of the committee for the drive, and Lady Wakehurst is president of the New South Wales committee.

IN her special broadcast last Sunday night, Lady Gowrie made a personal and direct appeal to all parents, brothers, sisters, and friends of servicewomen to support the drive.

This is what the National Shilling Drive hopes to provide for our girls in uniform:

Good but inexpensive leave accommodation.
Meals through canteen services at reasonable rates.
Recreation facilities for women on stations in lonely areas.
Permanent hostels for women who "live out."
Clubs in crowded centres where the women may entertain their friends, read, and enjoy the comfort of homely surroundings.
The Y.W.C.A. is the only women's organisation that has access to training schools and battle stations. It has been officially appointed to do welfare work for servicewomen.

Working in affiliation with the Australian Comforts Fund, the Y.W.C.A. will use the nation's freely-given shillings to provide those much-needed amenities for the girls and welfare officers to work among them.



OPEN HOUSE at the Y.W.C.A. for men and women of the services is one of the most popular Saturday night entertainments in the capitals. Here is a happy group around the piano.

In all the large cities the Y.W.C.A. is now providing accommodation for women of the services on leave.

Other organisations have also provided canteens and hostels, but the need still far exceeds the available facilities.

In the expansion of these facilities the Y.W.C.A. has no intention of overlapping those of other organisations. It will open new centres where there is a need, leaving any existing canteens and hostels to carry on in other towns.

In the last few months the numbers of servicewomen have expanded enormously. Large numbers have been posted to isolated places, where the nearby townships provide few or no leave facilities.

One Waaf, who is working at a training school not far from a large country town, says: "Until you have joined up you can have no idea of how many comforts we miss which we took for granted in our civilian life."

"We are well fed and well clad, we are happy in our work. But how we long, on our leave days and nights, for something approximating to the comforts of home."

"In the town near our station there is literally nothing to do except on picture nights—and our pay doesn't run to much in the way of pictures."

"At our station we have a recreation room, so called, but as there is no fireplace in it it is diabolically cold in the winter."

"If there were somewhere where we could have a cheap meal, a nice hot bath, comfortable chairs to sit in, up-to-date magazines to read, and writing facilities our gratitude would be unbounded."

On isolated stations, too, the Y.W.C.A. hopes to provide a hair-dressing service.

A servicewoman's uniform, neat and becoming as they all are, offers little scope for femininity.

Most of the girls feel that to be able to have their hair dressed regularly at a reasonable price would help them preserve something of that missing feminine touch in their lives.

Better ironing facilities, and urns so that the girls could make themselves hot drinks at night, would all be much appreciated in recreation rooms.

Waafs, Awacs, Wrans, Service nurses, and V.A.D.'s are paid considerably less than servicemen.

They are women soldiers. They



LADY WAKEHURST is president of the New South Wales committee of the National Shilling Drive.

don't carry a gun, but they live under the same conditions as soldiers. On leave they want relaxation, and they are faced, just as are soldiers, with finding that relaxation cheaply.

Apart from the fact that they cannot afford to stay at expensive hotels, in many Australian towns they could not now find accommodation at these hotels if they wanted it.

Just as important as the leave provisions are the permanent hostels.

Many servicewomen are required to "live out." Some live in barracks, but those who "live out" cannot always live at home.

Many come from the country, or have been posted to towns away from home.

The problem of finding good and adequate board at a reasonable price is enormous.

Beauty Specialist's Grey Hair Secret

Tells About Simple Remedy to Darken Grey Hair at Home.

Sister Hope, a popular beauty specialist of Sydney, recently gave out this advice about grey hair:—"Anyone can use this simple mixture at home, at very little cost, to darken grey, streaked or faded hair and make it soft, lustrous and free of dandruff. Just go to your chemist and ask him for Orlex Compound. He will mix it up for you according to the directions he has. (Take along your own half-pint bottle and cork if you possibly can, because these are scarce now.) Apply the Orlex mixture to the hair a couple of times a week until the desired shade results. Years of age should fall from the appearance of any grey-haired person using this preparation. It does not discolour the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off."

BE PROUD TO SAVE! TO SAVE ALL YOU HAVE

AIM AT VALUE—NOT EXTRAVAGANCE

A higher price doesn't necessarily add any more wear to your clothes. Buy sensibly without extravagance. It's had taste to over-dress in wartime. High priced frocks and accessories keep non-essential workers employed. Dress simply—and be proud to do it.



CLOTHING



FOOD

PLAN YOUR MEALS BY THEIR FOOD VALUE

Bulky meals aren't proportionately nutritious. Study food values, buy nutritious foods, and avoid waste. You'll get more nourishment for the family at lower cost. Plan for economy—and be proud to do it.

EARLY SESSIONS . . . LOCAL SHOWS

Go less frequently in the movies. When you do, go to early sessions or to local shows. You save money, relieve strain on transport, and leave room in city shows for service men who can't go elsewhere. Economise—and be proud to do it.



ENTERTAINMENT



COSMETICS

IT'S SMART TO BE NATURAL

To spend extravagant sums on cosmetics is practically a form of salariness. It wastes money, and keeps people employed unnecessarily. Use simple methods in the care of your skin. Cut out luxury cosmetics—and be proud to do it.

SET IT YOURSELF

Learn to look after your own hair. Cultivate a simple style. If it must be waved, have it done only for special occasions . . . and set it yourself between times. Save—and be proud to do it.



HAIRDRESSING



SWEETS

LIMIT YOUR SWEETS ISSUE

You can dispense with a lot of the sweets you eat and the occasional refreshments between meals. You don't really need them, and you've a better use for the money. Deny yourself—and be proud to do it.

BUY ONLY ESSENTIALS

If you can make extravagant purchases of furnishings you're not doing all you can for the war effort. Most of these purchases can wait until after the war. Save your money—and be proud to do it.



FURNISHINGS



LAUNDRY

DO YOUR OWN WASHING

A lot of money can be saved by personal effort. Most of your laundry can be done at home, if you'll do it. And you'll save quite a lot of money every month. Work for Victory, and be proud to do it.

Subscribe NOW to the £100,000,000 AUSTERITY LOAN

Advance Subscriptions may be made now. Interest accrues from Date of Subscription.

AL 542

V.A.D. Australia needs 6000 more ...



V.A. ON DUTY. Vivienne Gilbert has bright smile for Sergeant William Maloney, V.D.C., when she serves tea at 113th A.G.H. More than 200 V.A.'s are on active service at 113th in every department of the hospital.



V.A.'S are assistants in dental clinic. Here is Alison Morse ready to hand instrument to dentist attending patient. V.A.'s also work in hospital laundry.



OCCUPATIONAL THERAPY. V.A. Ruth Latty shows Corporal Roy Riggs, from Tasmania, how to weave a mat in this special section of the hospital.

Editorial

SEPTEMBER 26, 1942

WOMEN IN UNIFORM

MUCH of this week's issue is devoted to women in uniform.

Australia is calling on her women as never before.

Daily there are appeals for more women to enter the women's branches of the Navy, Army, and Air Force, and Voluntary Aid Detachments, as well as to go into munitions work or take over men's jobs in essential services.

The enlisting of thousands of women in the uniformed services has created problems and needs which are new.

From our experiences of 1914-18 we knew of the need for hostels, clubs, canteens, and recreation rooms for servicemen.

But as this war has created legions of women who share with our fighting men the hardships of modest pay, living in barracks, and separation from home and family, it has also created the need for similar amenities for them.

We announce our own plans for The Australian Women's Weekly Hostel for Servicewomen.

We give you details of the National Shilling Drive to find funds for hostels and recreation rooms.

As more and more women enlist such work must be extended to provide for them all and so mitigate the sacrifices they make in leaving comfortable homes and well-paid jobs.

As a nation we must remember, too, that when peace comes there will be returned women as well as returned men to be restored to the normal way of life.

We mustn't let them down now or in the future. —THE EDITOR.



SOME of the army nurses who were on duty during the first Japanese raids on Darwin.



SGT.-PILOT CLAUDE OLIVER, who met the King and Queen.

Sailor woke in sinking ship

A SAILOR who was one of the twenty-one survivors from the *Parramatta*, a young airman who met the King and Queen, a nurse who is living under canvas somewhere in Australia tell their stories in this week's letters from the Services.

Ken Watson, a member of the crew of H.M.A.S. *Parramatta*, to Miss Norma Hiles, Dundas Place, Albert Park, Vic.:

"I WAS one of the lucky twenty-one who survived the sinking of the *Parramatta*. I still can't understand how I managed to be picked up.

"When the two torpedoes hit us I was asleep below decks, and what woke me up was my hammock being repeatedly knocked by sailors rushing towards the nearest hatchway to the upper deck.

"The ship was obviously sinking. She had a heavy list to starboard.

"I made my way through the darkness to the upper deck, where I was immediately washed overboard and, on regaining the surface, observed that our ship had tipped over and was sinking fast, taking dozens of good men with her.

"After floating around with the aid of a cork lifebelt for two hours we were picked up by a fast little ship.

"You should have seen us. We were covered from head to foot in fuel oil, which didn't taste any good at that. Next day we arrived at Alexandria after successfully fighting off two torpedo-carrying aircraft.

"In Alexandria we were taken to a depot ship, where we washed the remainder of the oil off our bodies and had a good hot meal.

"We were given a new kit, numerous articles from the Red Cross, and some money, because we lost everything with the ship.

"Then we were sent to a rest-camp, where we did nothing else but eat and sleep for four days. We were given a week's leave in Cairo."

Sgt.-Pilot Claude Oliver in England, since reported missing, to his mother, Mrs. M. E. Oliver, Mayfield, N.S.W.:

"I HAVE made five trips over the other side, and have only to do one more as a second pilot, then I will get a crew of my own and so become a captain.

"I was on the *Cologne* and two of the big *Essex* trips, and, believe me, they were big efforts. We had more than 1000 planes on those nights.

"My shipper is an English flight-leutenant with a D.F.C. and he

is a great chap and a very good flier.

"Our crew is quite international—we have three Aussies, two Englishmen, one Scot, one Welshman, and one Irishman, so you can just imagine all the sarcastic remarks which pass over the intercom during our trips.

"The other day we were all told to get nicely cleaned up as we were to be inspected by somebody. We were all lined up in our separate crews in a hangar, and who should it be but the King and Queen who had arrived to inspect us.

"The King stopped by me and saw I was an Aussie, so asked me how things were going.

"Then the Queen came along and spoke to my Aussie mate and me. She asked us how our mail was coming through, and said that Australia was having a tough time at present, and that we were putting up a good show.

"After they had inspected us, my mate and I rushed off to catch a train into Cambridge. We jumped the fences and ran on to the station and were just about to get into the train, but it looked a little too good for ours.

"Then we saw the King and Queen coming on to the station. We had nearly boarded the Royal train!"

Sister F. M. Wheatley, somewhere in Australia, to her sister, Miss N. Wheatley, Eugowra, N.S.W.:

"AT present we are living in tents, but have a mess room and bathroom across the paddock. You would laugh if you could see us darting across on wet mornings in pyjamas, dressing-gown, raincoat, and gum boots.

"The camp is on an old race-course, and to-day we hauled in eight bookies' stands to use as wardrobes, which will be very handy.

"We are only allowed one day a month off, and work ten hours or more each day.

"The wild flowers are simply beautiful here. I have never seen anything to equal the kangaroo paw which grows profusely everywhere.

"The people are very garden-conscious here, and their gardens are certainly a credit to them. Some of them even have vegetables growing in the front garden.

"Concert parties are arranged here

THE letters you receive from your menfolk in the fighting services will interest and comfort the relatives of other soldiers, sailors, and airmen.

For each letter or extract from a letter published on this page The Australian Women's Weekly forwards payment of £1.

each Thursday, and we have been told that we are expected to attend a dance every second Monday at another camp."

L.A.C. Roy Saunders with the R.A.A.F. in the Middle East to his sister, Mrs. Sharkey, 14 Roy St., Ashgrove, Brisbane:

"I KNOW now why women are always cranky on washing day. I have just completed mine, and, could you imagine it, I sewed up my pyjama jacket.

"It was ripped something awful, but I made a great job of it. I'll guarantee the stitching would hold a fort in a cyclone.

"It's lazy-daisy, daisy lazy, drop and carry one, purr one, plain one, but when I look at it now it sure looks like the ugly one.

"Still, so long as it keeps the chill out if we have to dive for the shelters, that's all I have to worry about."

Sapper H. T. Rickard somewhere in Australia to his wife in Pollock St., Colac, Vic.:

"YOU want to know what it feels like to be in an air raid.

"Well, 'Merv'—this is the nickname the boys up here give the Japs—has put on a lot of shows here lately, and we have been unlucky enough to cop the worst of his little visits.

"None of us has been hurt, and we are getting quite used to him now. First we get the warning, and as some of us have a fair way to go to our slit trenches, believe me we lose no time in getting to them.

"Then we hear the drone of 'Merv's' engines, next thing we hear 'Whoosh!' as the bombs are falling.

"Next come the ear-splitting explosions and for about ten minutes we can't talk.

"Then gradually our hair lets our steel helmets back on our heads, and our internal arrangements sort themselves out to their various proper positions.

"One of the boys said his heartbeats broke three of his ribs.

"Anyway, 'Merv' hasn't got any of us bluffed yet, and if I know our boys 'Merv' sure has his job cut out to give them the jitters."

Interesting People



MISS MAUD JENSEN

... Muniton worker
ONE of first women muniton workers in Brisbane, Miss Maud Jensen, was shortly afterwards elected a shop warden. Was only woman delegate at recent meeting of Federal Council. Trades Hall, in Adelaide as Queensland representative of Arms Explosives and Muniton Workers' Federation.



MR. G. V. SCAMMELL

... Red Cross in the field
MEMBER of divisional council, N.S.W. Red Cross, Mr. George Scammell is also Deputy Commissioner in the Field for N.S.W. His job includes charge of Red Cross personnel in military hospitals, issue of supplies and equipment to the patients, transport of Red Cross supplies.



MISS EVE RAYMONT

... Problems of patients
CHOSEN from 200 applicants, Miss Eve Rayment, of Sydney, has been appointed, intelligence officer at Alfred Hospital, Melbourne. Her work is to visit daily each of the 380 patients and help them with their problems, such as arranging legal advice or contacting relatives.



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By WEP

As I Read the STARS by JUNE MARSDEN

THERE is a busy week ahead for most people because the planetary influences are now numerous and confusing.

The sun moves from the zodiacal sign Virgo into that called Libra, so that Gemini and Sagittarius should find opportunities and happiness in place of the difficulties of past weeks. Pleasants should also find affairs improve, even if good fortune does not replace recent upsets.

On the other hand, Cancerians, Arians, Taurians, Virgoans, Scorpians, and Capricornians must now exercise care to avoid troubles.

The Daily Diary

UTILISE the following information in your daily affairs. It should prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Be on guard! You can be your own worst enemy these coming weeks. Make no changes, avoid all risks and arguments, and try to dodge losses, partings, opposition and disappointments, especially on September 24 (round midnight) and parts of September 25 and 26.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): September 23 (between 7 and 9.30 p.m.) favors you, also September 24 (around sunrise), September 28 (late evening hours) should prove helpful, too.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Big doings possible for you soon, but take this week cautiously. September 22 (evening) can be poor, September 23 adverse, and September 24 difficult as the day advances. But September 25 (from 9 a.m. to 3 p.m. and after 8 p.m.) can be fair, September 28 (from 9 p.m.) very fair, September 29 mixed.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): A very confusing week, so go warily. September 22 (evening) very fair, September 23 (between 7 a.m. and 9.30 p.m.) helpful, but otherwise poor; September 24 (from sunrise to 9 a.m.) fair; September 25 difficult; September 26 very poor. Get important affairs finished by early September 24, and let all new or changing affairs wait several weeks.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Quite helpful on September 25 (between 9 a.m. and 3 p.m. or after 8 p.m.) and September 26 (between 4.30 and 7 p.m.). Otherwise poor.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Avoid rashness and important changes now, though September 28 (evening) can bring pleasure or benefits from past efforts. September 29 (early afternoon) just fair.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 24): Get busy now and plan ahead. September 25 and 26 may produce troubles, but September 22 (to noon), September 28 (late evening), and September 29 (early afternoon) all fairly helpful. Begin new ventures and risk changes, possible gains, promotions, and favors.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): September 23 (between 7 and 10 p.m.) helpful, but otherwise tricky. September 24 (from sunrise to 9 a.m.) very fair. Avoid rashness.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): A week of contrasts, so step warily. September 22 (evening) poor; September 23 adverse; September 24 (evening) adverse. September 25 (from 9 a.m. to 3 p.m. and after 8 p.m.) should produce modest benefits.

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 20): Mixed planetary influences, so be wise and cautious. Week begins with help on September 23 (between 7 and 10 p.m.) and September 24 (from sunrise to 9 a.m.), but thereafter be cautious.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): Things now begin to look brighter. Previous misfortunes can change to good fortune. September 22 (from sunrise to 11 a.m.) fair, September 25 (from 9 a.m. to 3 p.m. and again after 8 p.m.) good, and September 29 (afternoon) good.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): Be cautious on September 22, 23, and 24, but thereafter things may improve a lot, except on September 29 (evening). Plan ahead. Better times before long.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]



Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, have been informed of a diabolical plot to destroy a naval shipyard.

THE OCTOPUS: Head of a gang of international spies, plans to fly a robot-controlled plane loaded with explosives to the yard and bail out before reaching the destination.

Mandrake rushes to an army airfield and takes to the air in a pursuit plane. The death-laden plane is located and destroyed, and it is believed that The Octopus has been killed. Returning to the airfield Mandrake rushes to the police station and releases **PRINCESS NARDA:** Of Cockaigne, whom he had placed there for safety. NOW READ ON:



AT A PARTY, MANDRAKE ENTERTAINS--



THE TWO THUGS WHIRL UPON MANDRAKE-- HE GESTURES HYPNOTICALLY AT THEM...



TO BE CONTINUED

NURSES: They share the glory of the A.I.F. . .



AT DARWIN before town's modern hospitals were built A.I.F. nurses shared the many discomforts of that station.



IN MIDDLE EAST. Nurses in Palestine recording messages for home. Some saw service later in Greece and Crete, some in Syria.



REMEMBER THIS PICTURE? It was taken as one of the first troopships left Australia carrying red-caped nurses to care for the A.I.F. overseas.



IN MALAYA. Nurses gallantly shared all the hazards and disasters of the Malayan campaign, and many of them are posted among the missing.



AT PACIFIC BASES. Nurses on duty at an advanced operational base in Pacific. The nurses' work won high praise from the men of Milne Bay.



LIEUTENANT-GENERAL ROWELL, who commands the Australian troops defending Moresby.



MRS. ROWELL, wife of Lieutenant-General Rowell, sells a button for the Prisoners of War Appeal.



MRS. ROWELL with her daughter, Rosslyn, at their Melbourne home. Rosslyn is thirteen years old.

Sold buttons while waiting for Moresby news

General Rowell's wife hides anxiety in war work

By M. A. BECKINGSALE

"It must be a tough job for the blokes in New Guinea."

I heard this remark from a soldier as I walked up Collins Street, Melbourne, on my way to interview Mrs. Rowell, wife of Lieut.-General Sydney Fairbairn Rowell, Commander of Australian troops defending Port Moresby.

THE soldier had no idea that within fifty yards of him, standing in the street selling buttons for a big Appeal Day, was the wife of one of the "blokes" with the toughest jobs of the moment.

I didn't know it myself till I got to the door of the A.I.F. Women's Association and recognised Mrs. Rowell, who had been at her task since early that morning.

She took time off to sit with me in the comfortable lounge of the association and chat for a while about her husband and their only child, Rosslyn, a thirteen-year-old schoolgirl.

Mrs. Rowell has hair going slightly grey, clear blue eyes, and a quick smile.

Both she and her husband were born and educated in Adelaide.

As Peggy Morrison she met her husband in 1914 when he was a graduate of Duntroon Military College.

"He was one of the first students at Duntroon and entered at the same time as his old friend, Cyril Clowes, now Major-General Clowes," said Mrs. Rowell.

Lieut. Rowell went abroad with the first A.I.F. and was invalided home in 1917.

At one stage he and his father (Col. Rowell), his cousin, also a colonel, and his brother were all patients at the same military hospital.

Mrs. Rowell lives in East Malvern, where Rosslyn is a pupil at Korowa Church of England Girls' Grammar School.

She manages her home herself, only getting in occasional help if it is needed.

The house has a big garden, which is her husband's chief hobby.

"I think the garden is his religion," she said. "Whenever I want to cheer him up, I tell him how it is looking and what plants I've put in for him while he's away..."

As her husband was in the permanent Army, Mrs. Rowell has had

plenty of household moves since her marriage in 1919.

After their marriage in Adelaide the Rowells lived in that city until they came to Melbourne in 1921 and stayed till 1924.

Then they went to England, where Major Rowell went to the Staff College at Camberley for two years.

On their return he served in West Australia till he was transferred to Melbourne in 1931.

"We packed up again and went to England on exchange duty in 1934 for two years," said Mrs. Rowell.

"When we returned in 1937 my husband was appointed staff officer to General Squires, and after the general died he became Chief of Staff to General Blamey, and later went abroad with him to the Middle East."

"He returned in August, 1941..."

"How is that for a recitation of my husband's career?" she asked.

After his return to Australia,

Brigadier Rowell was appointed Deputy Chief of the General Staff with rank of major-general, and in 1942 he became Commander of the First Australian Corps with the rank of lieutenant-general.

He went to the north at the same time as General Clowes, and returned to Melbourne for a conference, during which he had what his wife describes as a "whole twenty-four hours' leave."

That was some time ago, and she has not seen him since, though till the last week she has been receiving letters three times a week.

While she waits for further news, she fills her days with looking after her home and doing voluntary war jobs.

She was one of the first two members of the A.I.F. Women's Association, and was formerly treasurer.

Each Friday she holds a Home Auxiliary at her house, where members sew and knit for the troops.

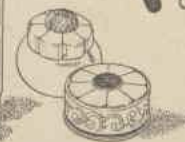
A BRAVE FACE TO THE FUTURE



Since beauty is a badge of courage, none will deny the value of lipstick and powder to women living under the emotional stress of war.

And because waste is unpatriotic, it is well to remember the economy of quality. Sparing use of a few basic Yardley Preparations will keep you looking your most radiant, with little effort and at trifling cost.

So, conserve your precious Yardley Lavender. Use the Lipstick sparingly, apply your "Bond Street" Complexion Powder with a thought for to-morrow.



Yardley OF LONDON

Old English Lavender, from 2/3. English Complexion Powder, 4/6; English Complexion Cream, full - purpose cream, 4/6; Yardley Lavender Soap, 1/10.

Yardley & Company Pty. Ltd., Sydney

SERVE AND SAVE—BUY WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATES

it's Drag-Free! **TOUGH!** **FAST!** **PROTECTIVE!** **It's Drag-Free!** **SHELL MOTOR OIL**

★ REGULAR SHELL SPECIALISED LUBRICATION WILL KEEP YOUR CAR IN FIRST CLASS CONDITION

FAST Like a flash to lubricate every Bearing or moving surface

TOUGH It outlasts all ordinary oils

PROTECTIVE It protects every moving part from the onslaught of wear

YOU CAN BE SURE OF

SHELL MOTOR OIL

It's Drag-Free

THE SHELL COMPANY OF AUSTRALIA LIMITED (Incorporated in England) L3438

VIM

cleans pots and pans quickly —

NEVER SCRATCHES

7/102/38

A.W.A.S. Sister service to the A.I.F.



SIGNALLERS of the Australian Women's Army Service being instructed in the efficient operation of an army field wireless set by an officer.



A MOP BRIGADE going into action at camp where signallers are being trained. The girls are responsible for the cleaning of their own huts.



SHE'LL SOON BE EXPERT. This Awas is one of an advanced class learning to operate hand Morse keys.



A.W.A.S. SIGNALLERS "receiving" Morse buzzer messages. Some girls can take at twenty-eight words a minute after less than three months' training. They're doing a vital job for the Army.



FORTNIGHTLY PAY is received in cash. Girls of this service recently got a rise of fourpence a day.

W.A.A.A.F. These girls keep 'em flying



JUST LIKE HOME. A.c.w. Heather Peters (Vic.) washes her hair with aid of A.c.w. Lois Langley (Vic.). Heather's husband is in the R.A.A.F.



BRINGING IN FIREWOOD. A.c.w. Audrey Harrison (S.A.) and A.c.w. Mollie Baulderstone (S.A.) carry mallee roots in for the big fires at C.W.A. cottage at Victor Harbor (S.A.), where Waaafs on leave have a real "home from home." Firewood is donated by admiring townspeople for girls who "keep 'em flying."



AFTERNOON TEA. Mrs. Edwin Field, honorary hostess for C.W.A. cottage, pours tea for C.W.A. president, Mrs. G. H. Francis, and Waaafs. Cottage, called Churinga (good luck), opened free of debt.



HOME COOKING. A.c.w. Mick Evans (S.A.) gets tea. She's expert, was in charge of a cafeteria before enlisting. A.c.w. Iris Roden (Vic.) anticipates her share.



PRESSING UNIFORM. A.c.w. Judy Fricker (Vic.) wields iron and A.c.w. Mollie Bowen (S.A.) passes by on way to wash out a few tea towels.

Praise for the women of England

U.S. Ambassador's wife surveys their war work

A very handsome young major, specially selected for his charm and good singing voice, was sent out in a loud-speaker truck to recruit girls for England's Auxiliary Territorial Service.

A request was issued by the War Office that soldiers' relatives in blitzed towns should send the soldier word that they were safe immediately to save him unnecessary worry.

THESE two instances of this strange new war in which women are being recruited in thousands for active service, and civilians share the same dangers as the soldiers, are given by Margaret Biddle, wife of the American ex-Ambassador to Poland, in her book, "The Women of England."

Mrs. Biddle describes the work of all the women's services in England—the A.T.S., W.A.A.F., W.R.N.S., F.A.N.Y.S., the Women's Voluntary Service, and the women in civil defence.

The figures for these various services are inspiring evidence of how British women are playing their part in the war.

When Mrs. Biddle finished her book less than a year ago there were about 40,000 women in the A.T.S., now there are more than 130,000; W.A.A.F. numbered 20,000, and there are now 100,000; the Land Army Mrs. Biddle wrote about numbered 11,000. It is now 40,000. W.R.N.S. has more than doubled its number to 28,555.

Margaret Biddle pays tribute to the work of the Women's Voluntary Service which began in 1938 with six women and now numbers a million. The work of the W.V.S. in blitzed London, Coventry, and Bristol is already a familiar and inspiring precedent for Australian voluntary workers.

But there are other less publicised

duties carried out by the W.V.S.

For instance, the Housewives Service includes classes in child welfare and household training for thousands of women

who want to serve but are tied to their homes by domestic duties.

The Housewives Service takes simple training in first aid and A.R.P., thus supplementing and assisting the efforts of civil defence.

Its duties include: Providing hot drinks and hot water in case of need; giving shelter to passers-by and children playing in the road when a warning sounds; caring for elderly people and invalids in a raid; providing shelter for casualties pending arrival of the Services; placing buckets of water outside their doors for the use of wardens in initial fire-fighting; knowing the "raid movements" of their neighbors so that they can assist rescue parties if their neighbors' houses are bombed, saving valuable time and useless searching when they know that neighbors are absent.

The W.V.S. is operating five hundred mobile canteens and snack-bar trailers for civilians, A.R.P. personnel, and firemen, and another 600 for the troops. Of these sixty are mobile for visiting isolated searchlight batteries.

Another branch of its activities is the mobile laundry service.

Then there is the neighborly voluntary shopping service. Members of the W.V.S. do the household shopping for munition or other war workers who have only limited time for their domestic duties.

In a chapter on the Land Army Mrs. Biddle describes girl farmhands wearing tin hats while they worked in formerly peaceful fields.

She says many British farmers were doubtful about employing land girls. But most farmers have now overcome their early prejudice and are enthusiastic about "this new-fangled Land Army."

Mrs. Biddle visited all the women's services to see them at work, the various branches of civil defence, and made an unofficial visit to air-raid shelters to see conditions for herself.

"Through all the nights and days the women of Britain continue their work," she writes, "They face the future with serenity because they have made their decision—their children are going to remain free."



AUXILIARY FIRE SERVICE GIRLS put out incendiary bombs, act as telephone operators, run canteens, take drinking water to firemen during raids. Several have been decorated for bravery under fire.



BATH-TIME among little evacuees temporarily housed in a church and cared for by the Women's Voluntary Service.



Look over this list of duties which are being done by the A.W.A.S. . . . and decide now to serve your country.

AMBULANCE DRIVERS
BOOKKEEPING MACHINE
OPERATORS . . . TYPISTS
DRAUGHTSWOMEN
STENOGRAPHERS
COOKS . . . CLERKS
MOTOR DRIVERS
WAITRESSES
TELEPHONISTS
WIRELESS TELEGRAPH
OPERATORS . . . ORDERLIES

SERVICE

... with a Smile!

THAT'S the spirit of those smart girls who are serving their country in the Australian Women's Army Service. In scores of army jobs women are replacing men, doing work for which they are fitted by training and temperament, serving efficiently, smartly, and enthusiastically.

EVERY WOMAN WHO JOINS THE A.W.A.S. RELEASES A SOLDIER FOR FRONT-LINE SERVICE

There's a place for YOU in the ranks of the A.W.A.S. whatever your experience, knowledge, or training. If you are physically fit and between 18 and 45 years of age, you are needed in the A.W.A.S. Service conditions are particularly good, the rates of pay are generous, and the uniform is smart and attractive.

JOIN THE

A.W.A.S.

AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S ARMY SERVICE

THE SERVICE THAT IS "UNIFORMLY" SMART!

FURTHER PARTICULARS FROM THE ASSISTANT CONTROLLER OF THE A.W.A.S. AT YOUR NEAREST CAPITAL CITY OR AT THE AREA OFFICE IN THE LOCAL DRILL HALL.

BRITISH WOMEN in Services and war work



THE KING AND QUEEN recently visited Coventry. Councillor Pearl Hyde, chairman of the Women's Voluntary Services, called the "Mother of Coventry" for her heroic work during the city's air raids, escorted them round a W.V.S. centre.



DESPATCH RIDERS in the A.T.S. go through all types of hazards in their course in motor-cycle riding.



BRITAIN'S LAND GIRLS provide food, firewood for her millions. This land girl enlisted from the Girl Guides is clearing bracken for the Forestry Department.



LOOKING after England's barrage balloons is one of the tasks of the W.A.A.F. These girls work in total darkness inside the balloon, to find small rents and punctures.



AUXILIARY TERRITORIAL SERVICE girls work in the repair shop, where they hammer damaged car parts into shape.



VOLUNTEERS in the new women's labor corps work on the roads, clearing raid debris and salvaging building materials.



HUNDREDS OF WOMEN have replaced men in postal services. Mrs. H. Furley is the first woman to drive a P.O. mail van in London.



WOMEN'S VOLUNTARY SERVICES' camouflage netters include twenty-five doing special work of a secret nature. Among them are secretaries, housewives, and shop assistants.



The Flattery
YOUR COMPLEXION DESERVES

Here's the powder that you've often wished for. It makes your complexion younger-looking—enhances your loveliness. Whatever your type of beauty there is a "Three Flowers" shade for you... As Chemists and Stores everywhere.

three flowers
FACE POWDER AND CREAMS

Perfect your make-up with smooth-textured "Three Flowers" Face Creams.

RICHARD HUNNUT: LONDON, NEW YORK, SYDNEY

Why I switched to Meds



—by a school teacher

Ancient history is my subject—but when it comes to sanitary protection, I'm all for the modern internal way. So I certainly was delighted when the makers of Modess brought out Meds—a new and improved tampon—at only 1/8 a box of ten. I like Meds far, far better. And they're the only tampons in individual applicators so wonderfully inexpensive.



ONLY 1/8

EACH IN INDIVIDUAL APPLICATOR

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF MODESS

Meds

INTERNAL SANITARY PROTECTION

Real-life stories of the war

Experiences of eye-witnesses told over the air

Humor, drama, tragedy, and above all almost unbelievable adventure—these are the stories told in "I Saw It Happen," broadcast from 2GB at 8.45 every Friday night.

They are actual experiences of the present war and are related vividly by war correspondents and soldiers as well as by civilians (both men and women) who have escaped and reached Australia.

HISTORY in the making is the theme of these broadcasts and the idea behind them is to satisfy the demands of the ordinary man and woman for eye-witness stories of modern warfare.

To the listener who has wondered how correspondents in a neutral country manage to tap underground sources to discover what is happening in enemy territory, Patrick Maitland, correspondent of the London News Chronicle, gives the answer.

Here is the story of how he managed to get news from Germany while quartered in south-east Europe.

"In Germany," he says, "the diplomatic correspondents see Ribbentrop once or twice a week to get the confidential 'low-down.' The military correspondents, too, are regularly received at the German War Office, and are told the General Staff's appraisal of the situation, and sometimes hints about its plans."

"Through intermediaries I contacted an anonymous anti-Nazi newspaper man in Germany who was on intimate terms with the diplomatic and military correspondents of his paper, who in turn were unaware of his sympathies."

"He could always learn what they knew, but it needed resource and great courage to send me his reports without the Gestapo knowing."

"He used invisible ink to write on the cover of a railwayman's sandwich parcel. This was handed to a boy who took it to one railwayman, who gave it to another, from whom it passed to a third. It was finally thrown out of a carriage window into a back garden, picked up by yet another man, transcribed, and sent along to me."

"Any of the half-dozen men engaged—and to this day I know none of their names—would have been executed had he been caught."

In another broadcast the scene shifts to Iraq, and the man interviewed tells of an amazing piece of bluff put over by a young man well known to many Australians.

"The intelligence officer of the column to which I was attached was Lieutenant Somerset de Chair, son of Sir Dudley de Chair, former Governor of New South Wales. With his Arabic interpreter he was one of the first to enter the village of Khan

Nuqta, 25 miles out of Bagdad, when the Iraqis abandoned it.

"They entered the house which, till a few minutes before, had been Iraqi headquarters, and by an amazing stroke of luck heard the telephone bell ringing. It was Iraqi General Headquarters in Bagdad speaking, and they did not know that Khan Nuqta was in our hands."

"Obviously something might be made of the situation, but just how De Chair decided in a flash. He whispered into his interpreter's ear to pose as the just-departed Iraqi commander of Khan Nuqta and told him just what to say."

"This is the C.O. Khan Nuqta speaking," the interpreter stammered in Arabic. "We're in an appalling mess here. The British are attacking and I don't see how I can hold them."

"Hold on for a moment while I



ANGELA PARSELES, young dramatic soprano, who has joined Jack Davey's variety programme, "Calling the Stars," broadcast from 2GB at 8 o'clock every Wednesday and Thursday night.

talk to the general," replied the voice in Bagdad, which, by this time, was equally agitated. And then after a few seconds, "We are sending you reinforcements. You've got to hold on at all costs." To which the interpreter, his tones rising to a wail of anguish, pleaded, "I can't! I can't! It's beyond human endurance," and put down the receiver.

Many other interesting interviews with people who can say "they saw it happen" are being planned for this series.

Dr. A. J. Cronin's

"THE CITADEL"

presented in half-hour episodes, with a brilliant cast of stars.

Ronald Morse as Dr. Manson
Neva Carr-Glyn as Christine
Arundel Nixon as Dr. Denny

Every Friday, 7.18 p.m.

2GB

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION FROM 2GB

EVERY DAY FROM 4.30 TO 5 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, September 23—Mr. Edwards and Goodie Reeve—Gardening Talk.

THURSDAY, September 24—Goodie Reeve in "Precious Moments." Also Mrs. Owen Francis presents "The Housewife on the Home Front."

FRIDAY, September 25—The Australian Women's Weekly presents Goodie Reeve in Gems of Melody and Thought.

SATURDAY, September 26—Goodie Reeve in "Musical Mysteries."

SUNDAY, September 27—Highlights from Opera.

MONDAY, September 28—"Letters From Our Boys."

TUESDAY, September 29—"Musical Alphabet." Also Mrs. Owen Francis in "The Housewife on the Home Front."

Chasing Your Troubles Away



ELLIS PRICE
The Prince of Storytellers

9.30 a.m. Mon. to Thurs.:
STORY SESSION
9.30 a.m. Fri.:
FOR THE OLDER FOLKS
2 p.m. Mon. to Thurs., and
6.15 p.m. Sun.:
CHASING YOUR
TROUBLES AWAY

2GB

Private Gurney, V.C., won honor in his first action

Posthumous award to "quiet chap" from W.A. goldfields

From our W.A. representative

In his first close action against the enemy Private Arthur Gurney lost his life. But in those brief moments his incredible bravery won glory for himself and his unit. Single-handed he put three enemy machine-gun posts out of action.

He has been posthumously awarded the Victoria Cross for "gallantry and unselfish bravery."

A "QUIET CHAP" who had spent his boyhood in the goldfields of W.A., Private Gurney had written to his family recently complaining that he had not yet been in action and "wanted something to happen."

"It did not take the Victoria Cross to make Arthur a hero in our eyes. He has always been our hero," said Mrs. Roy Clues, Private Gurney's sister.

Arthur Gurney was born at Day Dawn goldfield, W.A., 32 years ago, and went to school there.

He was rather a quiet boy, but very popular, though, in his sister's words, he was "just a real Australian boy up to all the average boy's harmless pranks."

When he was 15 his parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Gurney, went to Perth to live, and he finished his education at a business college.

Shortly afterwards he joined the staff of Perth Electricity and Gas Department, and was still there when he enlisted nearly two years ago. He went with A.I.F. reinforcements to an infantry battalion in Syria.

Later he went to Egypt, and the action in which he met his death at Tel el Eisa on July 22 was, as far as his family knew, really the first big show in which he had taken part.

Shortly before this, in a letter home, he said: "I regret that up to date I have not had a chance of locking horns with Jerry, but I hope we shan't be long now."

"I have had enough of sand and dirt in this desert, and want something to happen."

The last letter received from Pte. Gurney was dated July 4. He said he had just left Syria and was "in the desert." He mentioned there was sand everywhere and ever present. It was even part of one's meals.

"I kept every one of his letters hoping when he came back we could read them all over together and have a good laugh," said Mrs. Clues.

Pte. Gurney's mother died about 12 months ago, and, as father and sister said: "She did not have the glory of his Cross, but neither did she have the agony of his passing."

Pte. Gurney was well built, of medium height, and was obviously an athlete.

THREE V.C.'s TO W.A.

PTE. GURNEY is the sixth Australian to be awarded the V.C. in this war, and the third West Australian to win this high honor.

The other West Australian V.C.'s are Acting Wing-Commander H. I. Edwards and Pte. J. H. Gordon.

He was a good cricketer, but it was as a crack cycle rider that West Australia remembers him best. Cyclists in the West recall his superb finish in 1929, when he won the 50-mile open race, covering the distance in 2 hours 19 minutes.

He was a great home boy, and lived with his parents until enlisting.

He was the only unmarried member of the family. His elder brother, George, lives at Como, W.A. His sisters are Mrs. Clues, Mrs. Don McDougall, of Nannine, and Mrs. Harry Johnson, of Armadale, Vic.

After Arthur went abroad he wrote home by every available mail.

His father, now aged 84, built up a strong constitution by driving cattle as a young man in the Northern Territory and South Australia.

Later he went to Albany, and rode to Norseman with a camel train in Coolgardie's earliest days.

He was a member of a syndicate that found good gold in a mine which was sold for a high price. Then he went to the Murchison and, after travelling over much of that area, settled in Day Dawn, a high-pressure mining town, for some years, later leaving to settle in Perth.

Wiry and strong, he is himself of the stuff of which heroes are made. His hair is still bright brown despite his 34 years.

"We are all tremendously proud about Arthur winning the V.C., but our pride is tinged with sorrow that he will never return," said Mr. J. W. Oates, of Perth Electricity and Gas Department.

Mr. Oates was working with Pte. Gurney when he enlisted, and, as a matter of fact, took over his duties.

Mr. Oates said: "Arthur was a great lover of sport, and very popular with everyone in this big department. He would always do anything for his mates."

"Arthur always had plenty of initiative, and if he saw anything needed doing he did it and always saw it through to the finish. This was the case when he won the Victoria Cross."

"Arthur was a quiet chap and always took his work seriously. I well remember how well he used to get on with children and young people."

"We did not need to hear about the Cross to know Arthur Gurney had done his duty to his country and to his mates, because, well, that was Arthur's way."

Official citation

THIS is the citation awarding Pte. Gurney the V.C.:

"For gallantry and unselfish bravery in silencing enemy machine-gun posts by bayonet assault at Tel el Eisa on July 22, 1942, thus allowing his company to continue the advance."

"During an attack on a strong German position in the early morning of July 22, the company to which Pte. Gurney belonged was held up by intense machine-gun fire from posts less than 100 yards ahead. Heavy casualties were inflicted on our troops, and all the officers were killed or wounded."

"Grasping the seriousness of the situation, and without hesitation, Pte. Gurney charged the nearest enemy machine-gun post, bayoneted three men and silenced the post."

"He then continued on to the second post, bayoneted two men, and sent out a third as prisoner."

"At this stage a stick of grenades was thrown at Pte. Gurney, which knocked him to the ground. He rose again, picked up his rifle, and charged a third post, using the bayonet with great vigor."

"He then disappeared from view, and later his body was found in an enemy post."

"By this single-handed act of gallantry in the face of determined enemy action, Pte. Gurney enabled his company to press forward to its objective."



PRIVATE ARTHUR GURNEY, posthumously awarded the V.C. He came from the goldfields of West Australia.

If you Get the CORRECT ANSWER— You MUST Win a PRIZE



SIX SHOWN BY 6
NINE SHOWN BY 9

1st PRIZE £100 - 2nd PRIZE £25

10 PRIZES AT £1 EACH, 50 AT 10/- EACH

And a Special Prize for EVERY correct entry received.

EXTRA CASH PRIZES FOR YOUNG and OLD

* £10 BEST ENTRY (Over 60 years).

* £5 BEST BOY'S ENTRY and £5 BEST GIRL'S ENTRY (Under 16)

WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO:

- 1 Write down all figures shown in the above drawing. Do not include the 6 and 9 shown in the example. All figures set angle, e.g., 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9. There are no double figures or noughts or zeros.
- 2 Add up all the figures and forward the sheet or sheets of paper showing your additions (so we can check them), along with the coupon and a stamped envelope bearing your name and address.
- 3 All entries will be judged on the 24th October by the Directors of the Weston Company Pty. Ltd., and the Asst. Manager of Farmer and Settler, in the presence of the Press. The best prize of £100 cash will be paid to the person sending the correct or nearest correct total. Should more than one person send in the correct answer the prize will be awarded for general neatness of figures presented in the simplest manner. Second prize will be awarded to the next best solution, and so on until all the prizes are distributed.
- 4 School teachers, commercial artists, draughtsmen and FIRST or SECOND PRIZE-WINNERS in any of the previous Figure Skill Competitions are debarred from entering. This Clause will be strictly observed, and winners of major prizes will be requested in their proof that entries are their own handwork, in their own name, in order to secure their prize. No correspondence will be entered into with the Competition.
- 5 You may forward any number of entries on plain paper provided each entry is accompanied by a POSTAL NOTE FOR 1/- AND ONE STAMPED ENVELOPE BEARING YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS. (Do not forget this.) Send all entries in the same envelope.

CLOSING DATE

6 p.m.
Thursday, October 29
Main prizewinners
notified by wire and
Prizes paid on Friday,
October 30.

RESULTS

Posted to
EVERY
Competitor
immediately
after judging.

FREE!

EXTRA COPIES.
Write to the address on
coupon for additional
copies and enclose
stamped addressed
envelope.

The Secretary, "Figure Skill" Competition, Box 4120 WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

* Age.....
Competitors over 60
or under 16. Please
State age.

The total of all figures
in the above drawing is.....

Enclosed is a POSTAL NOTE for 1/- and my entry showing the above numbers added up together with a STAMPED ENVELOPE BEARING MY NAME AND ADDRESS. I certify that this is my own work, and I am eligible to compete in accordance with the Conditions (see Clause 4 above). I agree to accept the decision of the judges as final.

SIGNATURE.....
Be sure to write your full name and address on the top of your entry.

Aunt Polly says...



The best thing about having company is how peaceful-like the place seems after everybody's gone.

I keep wishin' my new neighbour wouldn't spoil her linens by washin' 'em the way she does. Maybe I'll take over a packet of Rinso and show her what those richer, thicker suds can do.

Ever noticed that the more you worry when a child's late coming home, the madder

you are when he walks in without a scratch?

Dad says he's noticed that the men who vote "no" on everything at the wardens' meetings are the ones who never get a chance to vote at home.

Dad and I aren't worried about not havin' enough clothes coupons. Shucks, when you wash all your things in Rinso 'stead o' rubbin' the life out of 'em, they go on wearin' and wearin'!

Its richer, thicker suds make the whole wash sparkle



A LEVER PRODUCT

7-434

W.R.A.N.S. They're in the Navy now ...



TELEGRAPHIST Pat Ross, of the Women's Royal Australian Naval Service, leaving naval station with urgent mail.



WRANS of a naval station, somewhere in Australia. After a four-hour watch they enjoy a cup of tea. They live in modern cottages, four girls in each of the comfortable homes.



JUNE MACLEOD, telegraphist, **DAPHNE WRIGHT**, enjoys being in the Navy, other naval telegraphist.



WRANS, like all Navy personnel, receive first aid and medical attention free. A sick berth attendant dresses an injured finger expertly for one of his sailor sisters at naval station.



OFFICER IN CHARGE of naval station inspects Wrans before they go off on leave. Discipline of Wrans is no different from that of naval men. Appearance must conform to rigid regulations before they depart from their station.



J. ALLEY, another fine young Australian recruit to Navy.



J. HODGES, smart and typical of Navy's girl telegraphists.

★ BALL OF FIRE

(Week's Best Release)
 Gary Cooper, Barbara Stanwyck.
 (RKO.)
 GARY COOPER, one of eight professors, sets out to write a learned piece on slang for an encyclopedia, and meets a nightclub entertainer, Barbara Stanwyck, hiding from the police. This is the amusing but slender situation on which this comedy is built.

Too long drawn out, with some of the laugh episodes labored, the film nevertheless is perfectly cast, and has some grand character bits.

Cooper, as the brainy but unsophisticated English professor, and Barbara, as the worldly, witty Sugar-puss, are both good. The seven professors, played by Oscar Homolka, Henry Travers, S. J. Sakall, Tully Marshall, Leonid Kinsky, Richard Haydn, and Aubrey Mather, are delightful. You'll enjoy, too, a musical sequence with Gene Krupa and his band—Regent; showing.

★ ROXIE HART

Ginger Rogers, Adolphe Menjou.
 (Twentieth Century-Fox.)
 SOPHISTICATED farce based on "Chicago," stage play, "Roxie Hart" is a rowdy but entertaining comedy.

The story casts Ginger Rogers in the title role—a girl who, for the sake of publicity, stands trial for a murder which her husband committed. Aided and encouraged by cynical news reporter Lynn Overman, and unscrupulous lawyer Adolphe Menjou, Roxie gets all the publicity she wants.

The dialogue and episodes are smart, Ginger playing her role well, although occasionally she seems to

Film Reviews

overdo her characterisation, George Montgomery as the young reporter who falls in love with Roxie is pleasant.—Plaza; showing.

★ RIDE 'EM COWBOY

Abbott and Costello. (Universal.)
 UNIVERSAL seems to have run out of ideas for Abbott and Costello. This musical farce, set on a dude ranch, is familiar in plot—the floundering city man who at last makes good in the West; and in comedy the funniest sequences are an old Mack Sennett car-chase and a dream sequence for Costello.

So the film falls back on the personalities of Abbott and Costello, on the song of Dick Foran—wait till you hear "I'll Remember April"—and on the swing stuff of the Merry Macs for its entertainment. Local color, in rodeos, dances, and a blonde heroine, is laid on lavishly.—Lycium; showing.

★ TUTTLES OF TAHITI

Charles Laughton, Jon Hall.
 (RKO.)
 BASED on the Nordhoff-Hall novel, "No More Gas," this is a diverting but uneven film, recounting the adventures of a poor and irresponsible family in Tahiti.

The nominal head of this numerous, happy-go-lucky family is Grandama (Adeline de Walt Reynolds), but shiftheads Charles Laughton

ton wagers the family possessions on a cockfight—and loses. His son, Jon Hall, retrieves their fortunes by salvaging a derelict ship.

Director Charles Vidor has done his best to surmount the deficiencies of the story by emphasising characterisations, but the picture is still not front-rank entertainment.

Laughton dominates the film with his amusing portrayal—Mayfair; showing.

★ WHO IS HOPE SCHUYLER?

Joseph Allen, Jun., Mary Howard.
 (Twentieth Century-Fox.)
 POLITICAL corruption in the big city is the familiar theme of this only average mystery melodrama.

When District Attorney Ricardo Cortez is indicted, Joseph Allen, Jun., is appointed special prosecutor. Hope Schuyler is a mysterious figure who collects money for a racketeering gang.

The inevitable newspaper girl who helps the hero is played—most effectively, however—by Sheila Ryan. Joseph Allen also acts ably.—Haymarket-Civico; showing.

★ COWBOY SERENADE

Gene Autry, Fay McKenzie. (Republic.)

THIS is one of Gene Autry's best films. The story has plenty of Wild West thrills, but it is just a little out of the usual rut, having

OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★★ Excellent
 ★★★ Above average
 ★ Average
 No stars — below average.

two women, Fay McKenzie and Cecil Cunningham, who take important parts in the action.

A much better than average Western heroine, Fay sings very brightly—and she can act, too.

The story deals with Autry's efforts to break up a crooked gambling ring. And Fay's father is behind it all. The trusting Fay, however, sets out to prove to Autry that her father is honest.

Cecil Cunningham and Smiley Burnette share mild comedy, and the songs, especially "Cowboy Serenade," are tuneful.—Capitol; showing.

Shows Still Running

- ★★ Jean of Paris. Poignant drama of Occupied France introduces fascinating Michele Morgan. Paul Henreid.—Embassy; 5th week.
- ★★ Remember the Day. Claudette Colbert, John Payne in charming romance.—Century; 11th week.
- ★★ The Chocolate Soldier. Rise Stevens, Nelson Eddy sing in lilt-ing operetta.—Liberty; 8th week.
- ★★ Beyond the Blue Horizon. Dorothy Lamour dances in technicolor and tropics.—Prince Edward; 5th week.
- ★★ Bedtime Story. Fredric March, Loretta Young in light-hearted comedy.—State; 2nd week.
- ★★ We Were Dancing. Norma Shearer, Melvyn Douglas in better than frivolous story.—St. James; 2nd week.
- ★★ Missing Ten Days. A robust comedy thriller set in France.—Victory; 4th week.

End the misery of Itching Ugly COLD SORES



I cried when I had to turn down his first invitation. To-day of all days to have ugly cold blisters...

But he'll ask you again. And Rexona Ointment will clear away these blisters.

So I tried Rexona—with amazing results. I no longer wanted to scratch. The ugly, broken blisters dried up.

When my friend said again my skin was as clear as I could ever wish. I owe a lot to Rexona.

Rexona Ointment contains SIX healing ingredients which make it the perfect remedy for all skin troubles.

1/6 in the green triangular tin. (Giant size, 3 times the quantity, 3/6) 0.35.12

Ginger remembers Australia's famous surf team

VIOLA MACDONALD'S Hollywood cable

GINGER ROGERS gave me a special message yesterday for the Australian surf team which she met in Honolulu three years ago, taking part in the Pacific Surf Games of July, 1939.

"We met on the beach, and they look me surfing, swimming, and boating," Ginger reminded. "Never

in my life have I met such charming and polite young men.

"They must be in the army now, but I would like them to know I am not forgetting the good times we had together in Hawaii."

(Ginger is right about the surf-team members being in the army today. J. L. D. McKay, J. B. Harkness, and P. C. Davis, all A.I.F., are just back after two years' active service in the Middle East. F. N. Braund is still in the Middle East with a mechanised unit. W. Farrey, A.I.F., is at a battle station "somewhere in the north." C. R. Chappe and R. A. Dickson are with the A.M.F. Four members of the team, H. R. Biddulph, A. Innie, Hector Scott, and L. Morath, are in the R.A.F. H. Doener, A. Fitzgerald, J. R. Cameron, and W. Mackney are working in essential services. Coach Harry Hay, returned Digger of 1914-18, is on a civil construction job. The remaining member of the team is "Blue" Russell, who remained in America to marry one of the Heinz girls—yes, the millionaire food-packing family.)

HEDY LAMARR and Jean Pierre Aumont are a steady twosome—they met at MGM, where French actor Aumont has arrived to star in Metro's "Assignment in Brittany." After the fall of France, Aumont, who had been fighting in the ranks, escaped to England.

THE Cary Grants (she was Barbara Huggins-Reventlow, and is the Woolworth millionaire) have managed to slip up to Lake Arrowhead for a belated honeymoon. Cary will be joining the Army Air Corps as a private any time now.

AUSTRALIAN Ann Richards (Shirley Ann to her Sydney family and friends) has been given a role in Ann Sothern's "Three Hearts for Julia." Australian Ann made her Hollywood debut in a Passing Parade show, and then went into "Random Harvest" with Greer Garson and Ronald Colman.

YOU will hear Allan Jones sing again in Universal's "Thumbs Up"—story of an American entertainer in wartime London. Allan has just returned to town from New York, where he scored in a stage revival of "The Chocolate Soldier" opera. His role in "Thumbs Up" will mix comedy with melody.

New 3-second relief...

BURNING FEET

Foot secret of ancient desert tribes brings you relief in three short seconds!

WHEN your feet seem on fire, and swollen, aching tissues seem to burn your shoes... that's when you need Frostene... magic new foot cream containing frankincense and myrrh, those soothing, cooling herbs used by ancient Eastern kings to heal foot tortures caused by fiery desert sands.

Just rub in this refreshing vanishing cream—in three seconds feel its penetrating antiseptic unguents sink deep into inflamed congested tissues, and start to draw out all the pain and fire. Frostene reduces swelling, stops the throbbing and itching.

All chemists sell greaseless, stainless, magic-acting Frostene in good-size tubes. Get some to-day... rub in night and morning, and enjoy foot comfort all through the longest summer day.

Badly Inflamed Varicose Veins

Relieved and Reduced by Simple Home Treatment that Must Give Relief or Money Back.
 No sensible person will continue to suffer from dangerous swollen veins or lumps when the powerful, harmless, germicide called Mowen's Emerald Oil can be obtained at any chemist.

Ask for a two-ounce original bottle of Mowen's Emerald Oil (full strength) and refuse substitutes. Use as directed, and in a few days improvement will be noticed. Then continue until the swollen veins are reduced to normal. It is guaranteed, and is so powerful that old chronic cases of running sores are speedily healed. Chemists are selling lots of it.

TYRONE POWER'S French wife Annabella will make her screen comeback in Fox's "Project, 47," which is a commando adventure. Lovely in British films such as "Wings of the Morning," Annabella came to Hollywood for Fox's "Suez" during the production of which she met and fell in love with Tyrone. Annabella will be carrying on the acting for the family, since her star-husband is entering the Marine Corps—in the ranks.

INGRID BERGMAN's attractive stand-in, Betty Brooks, has turned down a screen offer. "A stand-in's job pays a steady salary, and I have no wish to risk the uncertain gamble of an actress' career," Betty told me. At present she is working with Ingrid in Paramount's "For Whom the Bell Tolls."

ROBERT TAYLOR's leading lady in "Gentle Annie" will be a newcomer, Susan Peters, whose previous experience is only a supporting part in "Random Harvest." Susan was discovered by producer Mervyn Le Roy, who introduced Lana Turner to Hollywood, and she is thrilled by the prospect of the Taylor picture.

GREER GARSON's collapse while on her War Bond selling tour was due to the after-effects of flu. She is in hospital in Washington.

EDGAR BERGEN and Charlie McCarthy are homeward-bound from Alaska, where the ventriloquist and pal have been entertaining troops. Incidentally, Bergen has put a considerable amount of their earnings into establishing a fund for financing the training of war nurses. Thirty have already graduated under the scheme.

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND will marry Lieut. John Huston in the near future—so Livvy's friends say. John, who is the son of actor Walter Huston, had just embarked on a brilliant directorial career at Warners—his second picture was "The Maltese Falcon," nominated for the Academy Award—when America entered the war. John promptly enlisted in the Signal Corps—but has been back here often on leave.

ANDY DEVINE was honored with a special Universal party to celebrate his 17th year at this studio. Husky-voiced Andy blew out 17 candles on the cake, while Broderick Crawford, Constance Bennett, and others applauded. But Andy didn't eat any of the cake himself. He is on a diet, and has lost so much weight—3 stone 8 pounds!—that he looks positively lean and hungry.

HERE'S REAL

Protection

FOR TEETH AND GUMS

To protect your teeth and gums... to defeat stains and film... to win sparkling white teeth and a dazzling smile... make an ally of "5-IN-ONE". Your money back unless you like it best.

★ FOR DENTAL PLATES TOO: Enamel them stain-free, film-free, colorless—thanks to "5-IN-ONE".

Large Tube 1/6

5-IN-ONE

Dental Cream

100% AUSTRALIAN

Ask at CHEMISTS, STORES, CANTEENS, Hairdressers, and Tobacconists.

VACCINE TREATMENT FOR SKIN ... finds new BEAUTY while you sleep

First tested on serious skin conditions like boils and carbuncles with remarkable results—now proved to correct pimples, acne and septic skin conditions, clear the skin and keep it clear.

★ Ask any man what makes him fall for a girl. If he's like nine men out of ten it's the bloom of a skin that's seductively smooth and gleamingly clear.

WHAT CAUSES BLEMISHES? Skin blemishes: blotches, pimples, acne, boils and carbuncles are caused by a blood stream poisoned by germ toxins. Out-rid of the germs and nature quickly clears the skin and brings back the look of youth and perfect health.

Lantigen "D" Oral Vaccine acts directly in three ways to correct skin faults.

1. It attacks the germs which cause the eruptions and drives them out of the system.
2. It prevents the development of other germ-caused skin disorders for lengthy periods.
3. It rapidly tones up your general health, thus indirectly improving and beautifying the appearance of the skin.

WORKS WHILE YOU SLEEP. Lantigen "D" rediscovers the clear, natural complexion beneath the mask of time and neglect. You take it a few drops in water at bedtime and apply it locally. Whilst you sleep it carries out its healing, beautifying work. Its vaccine action induces the erosion of antibodies which destroy and remove the infecting germs and with them the skin faults they cause. You can be sure of clearing away pimples, acne and "spots" because Lantigen "D" Oral Vaccine is a potent treatment for even the most serious skin conditions like boils and carbuncles. Ask your Chemist to-day.

Lantigen "D"

ORAL VACCINE

Product of Edinburgh Laboratories, Sydney



MILITARY WEDDING. Captain "Jika" Travers and his bride cut wedding cake with sword which belonged to bridegroom's great-grandfather, Captain Holmes.

Heard Around TOWN

SEVERAL Sydney girls are at W.A.A.F. School of Administration at Melbourne taking officers' training course.

Among them are Sheila Patrick, well-known yachswoman, Margaret Adams, Joan Oswald-Sealy, former secretary at Eleanora Golf Club, and Mrs. Claude Fay.

Latter was Lorrie Barnes till her marriage week ago.

PAY WELLS is first candidate to be nominated for Queen competition being organised by eight Younger Sets.

They are Naval Auxiliary, 2/7th Armored Regiment, 2/6th Field Regiment, Kuring-gai branch of Air Force Auxiliary, 7th Div. Cavalry, 2/5th Field Regiment, Air Force House Voluntary Workers, and A.I.F. Signals.

Competition is suggested by Rona Wilkinson, president of 2/7th Armored Regiment's Younger Set. Commences on October 1 and ends on November 30.

Meeting is held this week to make further plans.

ROOKIE'S life for Dell McKerihan for next few weeks, as she's in the Army now. Is at country training station. Will do clerical work.

Her sister Dawn is a secretary at U.S. Army Headquarters.

They are daughters of Mr. and Mrs. C. R. McKerihan.

WEDDING date chosen by Anne Bevan and Bill Stuart. They will marry on November 21, at St. Mark's, Darling Point, and ceremony will be followed by reception at bride's home at Edgecliff.

Anne, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Philip Bevan, does canteen work. Her sister, Maybery, who is to be one of bridesmaids, is staunch Red Cross worker.

Jean Stuart and Techa Matear, of Melbourne, are to be other bridesmaids.

Bill is only son of the W. J. Stuarts, of Darling Point.



MANNEQUINS. Betty Girling (left) and Sandra Jaques wear Victory frocks at parade at Prince's for Deaf, Dumb, and Blind Children. Betty is now working in munitions factory.

NEW job for Anne Hill. She is secretary for Australian Women's Air Training Corps.

Works with Australian commandant, Mrs. Charles Walton. Their office is at W.A.N.S. headquarters.

CEREMONY at St. John's Church, Mudgee, when Gwenneth Leveridge marries Sergeant Ronald Batfield.

Bride is daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Leveridge, Hartford, Gulgong.



DR. MARIE HAMILTON (left), Mr. F. J. Davy, and Mrs. W. H. Read at unveiling of plaque in laboratory at Rachel Forster Hospital. Is memorial to late Mrs. F. J. Davy, established by N.S.W. Women's Hockey Association.



GENERAL SIR IVEN MACKAY talks with matron of honor Mrs. F. A. Wilson (left) and bridesmaid Pamela Graham at Travers-Marr wedding. Reception at Royal Sydney Yacht Squadron.



ORCHIDS. Mrs. Colin Wyatt (left) and Mrs. Sydney de Vries admire rare blooms grown by Mr. John Bisset, which will be shown at exhibition at David Jones' auditorium on October 1 and 2. Funds for Red Cross.

Gottings ON THE HOME FRONT

RED CROSS branches all over New South Wales are busy making plans to choose their candidates for the Miss Red Cross competition.

"Expect first list of names within few weeks," says Mrs. Penfold Hyland.

Mrs. Hyland is president of committee working for Red Cross Day on December 4, when Miss Red Cross will be announced.

"Hope to make £100,000 this year," she says.

Pretty V.A. Valmai Evans, daughter of Mrs. W. H. Tucker Evans, of Randwick, is model on posters and leaflets announcing competition.

Valmai is commandant of Waverley V.A.I., which she formed five years ago. Is most interested in Prisoners of War Fund.

Her brother, Noel, is prisoner in Malaya.

SHILLINGS roll in for National Shilling Drive at luncheon at Romano's, followed by ice matinee at Glaciarium.

Hon. Henrietta Loder is guest at luncheon. Is received by Mrs. J. Bernays, president of organising committee. Lovely flowers from Mrs. R. C. Dixon's home at Castle Hill are sold by Audrey Arnott and Gay Bernays.

Prize for lucky number attached to posters is bottle of French wine from Mr. Frank Albert's cellar.

Then on to Glaciarium where Mrs. G. L. Killen and Mrs. G. J. M. Best greet Lady Wakehurst.

"**HAVE** sent thousands of garments overseas," says Myrtle Innes when she shows me collection of knitted articles at Arts and Crafts Society's exhibition.

"Nell Holden, Jean McKenzie, and I formed society's War Circle three years ago," she adds.

"Also knit for merchant seamen." Interesting exhibit is from occupational therapy section at 113th. A.G.H. Includes scarves, baskets, toys, trays, mats, and rugs made by returned soldiers who are still undergoing medical treatment.

Exhibition is being held at David Jones' auditorium.



TRANSPORT - DRIVER A.C.M. Margaret Wilkinson opens door for Assistant-Section-Officer Mudge Vandepuer as she leaves Air Force headquarters.



ANNIVERSARY. Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Dawson, of Mosman, who celebrate their golden wedding. They were married in York, England, and came to Australia twenty-six years ago.

ONE of Australia's most famous soldiers, General Sir Iven Mackay, attends wedding of Margaret Marr and Captain B. H. ("Jika") Travers at Shore Chapel.

Sir Iven's daughter, Jean, is married to bridegroom's brother, Captain Bill Travers, who is prisoner of war in Germany. Few days before marriage Margaret and "Jika" receive letter from him, wishing them future happiness.

Young couple have known each other since schooldays, when "Jika" was at Shore and Margaret at Abbotsleigh. They announced their engagement when he returned from service in Middle East.

Margaret, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Marr, of Roseville, wears lovely classical gown of white crepe. Her bridesmaids are her sister, Mrs. F. A. Wilson, and Pamela Graham. Groomsman is Corporal Ewan Marr, R.A.A.P., Pamela's fiancé.

Bridegroom is younger son of Colonel and Mrs. John Travers, of Kirribilli.

Among guests is Mr. L. C. Robson, headmaster of Shore, and in his charming speech he says that "Jika's" grandfather, General William Holmes, was hero of his boyhood days.

NEW address for 5th Division Engineers' Comforts Fund. It's Mutual Federal Assurance Building, 129 Pitt Street.



ART SHOW. Mrs. C. J. Pope, president of Naval War Auxiliary, with Dennis Adams, official naval artist, at Royal Society of Artists' exhibition. Proceeds from sale of pictures go to auxiliary.

DIAMOND ring for Anita Rosen, who announces engagement to Corporal Robert Lipman, only son of the Mark Lipmans, of Bellevue Hill.

Young couple celebrate at party given this Saturday by Anita's parents, Mr. and Mrs. I. Rosen.

Anita is one of voluntary helpers at National Council of Jewish Women's Kiosk in Marlin Place, where she works every week.

Her fiancé is at officers' training school.

RECEIVE invitation to dinner dance on September 29 at Romano's in honor of officers of Fighting French Forces.

Mrs. T. H. Kelly, president of committee, tells me that there are only 150 tickets. She herself has already sold forty-two.

JUDGE MARKELL is digging for victory. He's ploughed up the tennis court and planted potatoes. Also changed over from orchids to tomatoes in one of his glass-houses.

Betty



READY for SUMMER

● Paramount starlet Margaret Hayes plays up to her youthful charm with a schoolgirlish pinafore and crisp blouse. The pinafore features a

spring flower floral in a medley of pink, yellow, green, and black. The demure, puff-sleeved blouse with touches of eyelet embroidery is interpreted in the finest white sheer linen.



FOR SOFT

ADAPTABLE CURLS

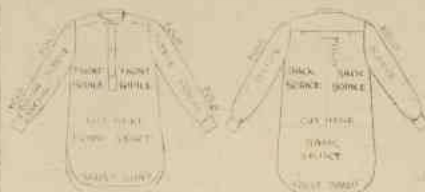
If your hair is bleached, coarse or naturally wavy ask your hairdresser to use the new Eugene! "B" sockets to give you curls of added softness and lasting beauty. Bleached hair will "glow" after a Eugene! "B" wave leaving no sign of frizz. For your next Perm, try Eugene! "B"—by Eugene, of course.

EUGENE

There's no curl like the Eugene curl.

Sole Distributors:
HILLCASTLE PTY. LTD.
All States

Little dresses from worn shirts



SHOWING where pattern is placed on the shirt.

Proud mother saves coupons, helps country, and earns £1 prize from us.

ALTHOUGH scores of bright ideas have come to us telling how men's worn shirts can be utilised, none can compete with that sent by Mrs. Crowley, of Northbridge.

Smart-looking, washable, fadeless, and hard-wearing dresses for children up to 5 years can be made from men's shirts, provided, of course, they are not in tatters.

Those used to make the dresses illustrated on this page were good quality, but very worn at neckline and cuffs.



ANN (3) AND MAUREEN (4) CROWLEY, sisters, looking very sweet in their crisp little dresses made from Daddy's discarded shirts.

The diagrams will show other mothers how to place dress patterns on opened and washed and pressed shirts. The gathered skirt is cut from the lower front and back and the bodice from upper front and back. Sleeves and collar from the sleeves and the belt from lower edge of shirt. Cut 2 strips for belt, and stitch across waist front and back.

MRS. ELIZABETH MAY, Brisbane, writes:

"In great need of a warm dressing-gown I went to town, looked at all the really nice ones and found they required 3 guineas and 14 coupons. I examined the material and found it was a warm, woolly-looking blanket cloth. My memory at once recalled two pairs of rather small single-bed cream blankets which for years had been ironed on, taken camping by boys...

"Next stop was a chemist's shop—and on looking through the dyes I came across a brick-red, and by using the proportion given on the packet a lovely soft dusty-pink was created.

"I have no sewing-machine, so after cutting the coat out I set to work and back-stitched every seam, pressing as I went along with a little common soap on the seams. It could not have been better; the top is tailored, and the skirt long and shapely—all for 9d. worth of dye and pattern.

"My next move was to use up the other old blankets. I dyed one soft blue and another scarlet. Then I made two box coats for my daughters, both by hand.

"Can anyone beat that?"

Now send us your coupon-saver—win a prize!



THIS lovely dressing-gown was made from a dyed pair of old, yellowed blankets. Coupon-saving idea wins 5/- for Queensland reader.

Harsh remedies shock your system into action!



IF YOU ARE OVER 35, and still taking harsh remedies, it's time you knew these facts! Harsh stimulants are unnatural. Far from curing, they merely aggravate your condition. Doctors say that over 75% of cases of a serious type of illness are due to purging. So break yourself now of that harsh laxative habit. The real cause of your trouble is lack of "bulk" in modern diet. It's "bulk" food—that you need!



YOUR SYSTEM DEPENDS ON "BULK"—for regular elimination. Unfortunately, our modern staple foods—such as meat, potatoes, white bread, eggs and milk—contain almost no "bulk" at all. And you couldn't eat enough of the natural bulk foods to keep your system functioning regularly.



GOODBYE TO IRREGULARITY! Kellogg's All-Bran, a toasted nut-sweet breakfast food, gives the "bulk" you need. It works in the same way as fruit or vegetables, only more surely, more thoroughly. You get safe, natural "bulk" that massages the internal muscles, and brings about a gentle, thorough movement. Eat Kellogg's All-Bran for breakfast every morning (with milk and sugar).



I'D BEEN DOSING WITH HARSH REMEDIES FOR YEARS AND NEVER GOT REGULAR—BUT KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN BROUGHT SAFE RELIEF INSIDE A WEEK!



GET A PACKET OF KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN FROM YOUR GROCER TO-MORROW

Fashion FROCK SERVICE

"UNA" is a dainty floral frock

THIS dainty summer frock is available at our Fashion Frock Department, either ready to wear or cut out ready for you to make for yourself. "UNA" is made in flat crepe in a charming floral design in rose, royal-blue, pale blue, mauve, and pink tonings.

Sizes 32, 34, 36-inch bust, 29/11 (12 coupons) ready to wear; or 29/11 (11 coupons) ready to make yourself.

Sizes 38 and 40-inch bust, 42/- (12 coupons) ready to wear; or 42/4 (11 coupons) ready to make yourself. Postage, 1/6% extra.



How to obtain "UNA." In N.S.W. obtain postal note for required amount and send to Box 244, G.P.O., Sydney. In other States use address given on pattern page of this issue. When ordering be sure to state bust measurement and name of model.

CAPTURE UNTOLD PLEASURE



Enjoy that foot-tingling rhythm—those popular melodies. The latest Jazz and Screen Hits.

Play the

Steel Guitar

- * Banjo Mandolin
- * Piano Accordion
- * Spanish Guitar
- * Banjo Ukulele
- * Button Accordion
- * Clarinet
- * Mouth Organ
- * Saxophone
- * Piano
- * Violin
- * Hill Billy Guitar

LEARN AT HOME For 2'6 Weekly

with a Signed Money Back Guarantee through a

SAMPSON POSTAL COURSE

No need to be clever—no scale or exercises—beginners same success as players.

Pay for your lessons weekly. If you're disappointed it costs you nothing.

A wonderful range of imported instruments to choose from.

Small deposits and weekly payments to any part of Australia. ALL FREIGHT IS PAID.

Write for your FREE CATALOGUE and details of lessons. Mention the instrument you favour.

SYDNEY: Sampson's, Dept. B, 77 York St. Box 418X, G.P.O.

MELBOURNE: Sampson's, Dept. B, Box 42, P.O., Collins Street.

BRISBANE: Sampson's, Dept. B, Birrell House, Box 553, G.P.O.

ADELAIDE: National Music School, Dept. B, Box 568, G.P.O.

"It's the only Correspondence School endorsed by The Music League of Australia."

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should give out two pounds of bile daily for your food doesn't digest. You suffer from wind. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel irritable, tired, and weary and the world looks blue.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. You must get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile working and make you feel up and up. Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in keeping you fit.

Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/3.

SUFFERERS FROM SUPERFLUOUS HAIRS—

should give "Vanix" the opportunity to do for them what it has done for thousands of others.

"VANIX"

a product of The Van Schuyler (Aust.) Co., is a scientific discovery of Paul Van Schuyler, which firstly devitalises and then destroys the hairs. It has no detrimental effect on the skin, and is simple and pleasant to use. "VANIX" is priced at 5/11 a bottle (6/2½ posted) from Halsey Pty., Ltd., 218 George St., Sydney, and all 12 Branches: Self's Pharmacy, 373 Lit. Collins St., Melb.; The Myer Emporium, Bourke St., Melb.; C. A. Edwards, 238 Adelaide St., Brisbane; and Hicks Chemists Ltd., 58 Rundle St., Adelaide.

Good for all the family!

The breadwinner, the lad in camp, the youngsters—Andrews Liver Salt gives to all Inner Cleanliness in a safe gentle way. Andrews is a thorough tonic, for besides its laxative action, it cleanses the mouth and tongue, sweetens the breath, settles the stomach and tones up the liver. Andrews corrects indigestion, acidity, biliousness, headaches and, above all, constipation. Take sparkling Andrews Liver Salt regularly.

Handy Size 1/8 Family Size 2/9

For Inner Cleanliness be regular with your

ANDREWS LIVER SALT



Let's you Breathe Freely!

WOODS' GREAT PEPPERMINT CURE

For Heavy Chest and Head Colds!

LOTS OF CHARM...for coupon hoarders

• Here is a clever way to team two remnants, or bring new life to an old printed silk dress. Rust top with asparagus-green skirt and garnishings gives the appearance of a trim jacket suit.



• Gay little linen jacket to wear on holiday week-ends or for informal evenings—the hectic pockets—the hectic pockets set aslant are just odd patches.

• Hyacinth sheer wool for a sporty dress with the front in cherry-red. The skirt unbuttons, so you can wear it with odd sweaters, and a narrow belt slots through the buttonholes.

• A simple white frock with a broad inset waistband of spotted silk achieves an air of distinction with the addition of a cute little tricolor bolero made of the white and a couple of remnants in twin spots.

Bauer

What would you do?

ALLEYNE LESLIE gives her answers to 3 teasers



Q: Sally's getting married one day soon. At the reception where should she spend most of her time—

1. With her girl friends, telling 'em how it feels to be a bride?
2. Wise-cracking with the males?
3. Beside THE man?
4. Getting to know the guests she hasn't met before?

A: Sally, you belong right by his side! Make sure, mighty sure—your complexion can stand all the attention it'll get. Begin now to put in Erasmic Cold Cream nightly. See how well this luscious cream cleanses; how quickly it gives a milk and roses complexion!



Q: He's smart and dashing and seems to like you—though you've only just met at a friend's party. When you say goodnight would you—

1. Invite him home for cocktails some time soon?

2. Get your friend to arrange another get-together quickly?
3. Do nothing, hoping he'll ring up later and ask you to go some place?

A: No, 3 is correct. But you won't even have to worry your head about the answer if you make your skin so caressable he can't resist it! Always put your powder over a flattering foundation of Erasmic Vanishing Cream.



Q: Jill and Sue are friends. Jill's steady "heart-throb" has invited Sue out on a solo date. Should she—

1. Get all the fun while it's going?
2. Arrange a foursome, including Jill and another male?
3. Politely but firmly decline?

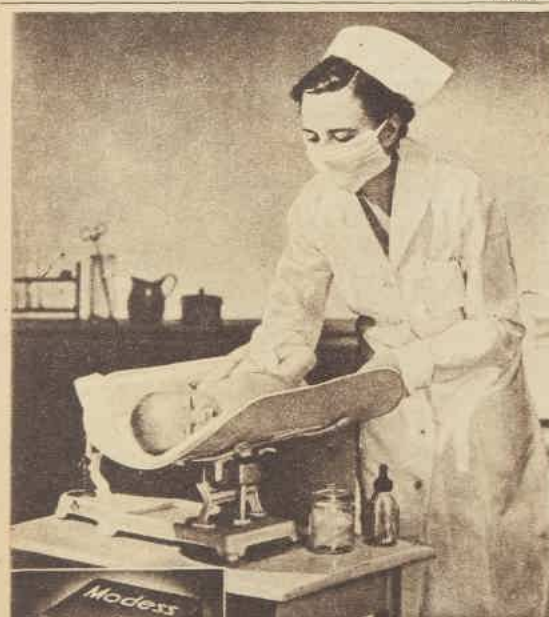
A: Head him off as graciously as you can, my dear. And tactfully suggest to your friend that she might like Erasmic Cold and Vanishing Creams. They'll give her skin such a sweet velvety look and feel, the wandering boy won't want to swap her for the pick of Hollywood!

ERASMIC CREAMS in tubes and jars

1/2



E 24, 24a



"A nurse has to be on her toes in the baby ward! That's why on 'difficult days' I'm doubly grateful for Miracle Modess. It has a wonderfully soft-filler of fluff. It doesn't bother me nowadays if I have to be on the go—with Miracle Modess I'm gloriously comfortable."

Get Modess today. It's more economical! With Modess you'll enjoy greater peace of mind—and it's more economical.

Modess
SANITARY NAPKINS

1 1/2

BOX OF 12

A SQUADRON was also taking terrible punishment, but in the mind of Squadron-Leader Hudson rang the C.O.'s final instructions: "That building must be smashed." As the plane turned for the third attack the pilot's voice came crisply over the phones. "I'm going down to one thousand feet, get ready, and let those D.A.'s go."

Back came the navigator's voice to pilot and bomb-aimer. "Set sights for one thousand feet; speed two hundred and twenty; wind twenty miles north-north-east," and, a moment later, Jolly's reply.

The customary pause and tension as the one-ton D.A.'s hurtled down onto the very central group of buildings was soon followed by the terrific crash of the explosion that rent the air and the sharp volcanic flash.

But Squadron-Leader Hudson never saw that welcome sight! A moment after Sergeant Jolly's call of "All bombs gone," chaos broke loose in the cabin of the leader's plane. His last confused recollection was of a terrific crash, the smell of burning cordite, and the scream of tearing shrapnel.

By a supreme effort of will power he fought off the threatening darkness, and cleared the immediate battle area.

Then, strangely, all of the confusion and pain ceased; and he found himself gliding serenely through the air on the way home.

Through the windscreen of the cabin he could see other members of "A" Squadron riding easily beside him. There could not have been as many planes lost as he had feared after all. There was Glenister in his Wellington just to starboard, with Wilson beside him. But wait. Surely he must be dreaming. Wilson was dead—killed in that last big raid on Emden.

A moment later he again began to doubt his eyesight, for surely that was Gibson sitting there in the second-pilot's seat; and yet how could it be—Gibson was dead, too! Now he knew what it was. He must have been having a nightmare and only dreamed that Gibson and Wilson were dead, for there was nothing dead about Gibson now, he was speaking!

What was he saying? Why didn't the fellow speak up? "Come on, Hudson, you can take it easy now," he heard. "I'll take her home. You've had a bit of a knock, better have a rest while you can. They'll fix you up as soon as we get back."

With a sigh of resignation Hudson gave in. "I must be played out," he thought, "better let Gibson take her in. I might crash her in this condition."

Only another two hundred miles to home now; how quickly the miles flew by. The sea again—the good old North Sea. How he loved it! To him it was an exquisite reminder of England's safety. What was it Shakespeare wrote?

"This precious stone set in the silver sea,

Which serves it in the office of a wall,

Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands . . ."

How well he remembered learning those lines in the tiny wood-and-iron building that served as a school in dear old Aussie—another beloved island fortress. But come, this was no time for dreaming. Soon they should pick up their landfall. A headland jutting out into the sea had proved a welcome landfall on many such occasions.

Yes, there it was, reaching out as though anxious to hasten their return. Harris had done a wonderful job of navigation as usual. Strange that he hadn't heard from Harris all the way home. Perhaps he had been hit, but if he'd been hit how could he have brought them home so accurately?

"Hullo, hullo, Harris," he called on the phones. No answer, so obviously he had been hit. However, it didn't matter now, they'd soon be home, and the ambulance would be waiting to rush any injured members of the crews to hospital. Ah! There was the spire of the old church. Another couple of miles and they would be over the drome. Some of the planes were down already, and tired, half-frozen pilots were climbing stiffly out of their machines.

Easy now, Gibson, come round into wind, flaps down, a bit lower, lower yet. Come on, turn into wind, man, you can't put her down like that! With a gasp of horror he realised that it was too late to make the turn now. Gibson was going

They Grow Not Old

Continued from page 2

to try to land down wind. Good heavens, he had just remembered. It was in trying to land down wind that Gibson had been killed. He had come home shot to pieces after an attack on Bremerhaven and he, Hudson, had helped to pull him out of the plane just before it caught fire.

However, strangely enough, they didn't crash after all. The plane came in and landed as smoothly as a bird and taxied across the drome toward the hangars. With a sigh of relief Hudson climbed from the plane and joined the throng making for the officers' mess, where reports would be made.

Pushing his way through the crowd to the doorway he peered inside—and immediately began to doubt his eyesight once more. Surely this wasn't the officers' mess, that wasn't the C.O. over there!

Why, it was good old Barney Trent, a companion on many lonely patrols. But no, it couldn't be Barney. Barney was dead, too—shot down when they made that big attack on the shipyards at Hamburg. There were Thompson, Cogan, Hepworth. Why, they were calling to him. "Come on, Hudson, here's a seat, come and have a drink!"

For a moment the faces grew misty. Vaguely he remembered that there was something he must do first. Oh, yes, he must put in his report. "Sorry, chaps," he called back. "I have to report first, but I'll be back later, so save me a seat."

Two white-robed figures stood washing and scrubbing their hands

MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead



"Oh, nothing's the matter, Mummy. We're just having a lovers' quarrel!"

at a gleaming porcelain sink. "What's that you say, Dawson? He tried to land down wind. Almost tempts me to say 'erves him right,' doesn't it?" commented one.

"In ordinary circumstances it would," replied the other, "but this chap had evidently been pretty well knocked about before he landed. They seem to think that he was just about out to it, and just put her down the quickest way he could before he passed out altogether. The funny part about it is that he landed in the same ditch as Gibson cracked up in. You remember the case, don't you? They say he was dead at least half an hour before the plane landed. No bleeding from the injuries he received when he crashed, so it looks as though he must have been. Some chaps seem to think that the plane just kept going on its own until the petrol ran out, and that it just happened to land near the drome by luck."

"Hm, sounds pretty fishy to me," said the tall figure. "but what about this other chap. What's his name? Did you say Hudson?"

"Yes, Tommy Hudson. Hard luck on him, too, he'd just been promoted to squadron-leader."

Meanwhile Squadron-Leader Hudson fought desperately against a dark mist which threatened to engulf him completely. One moment he seemed to be back in the officers' mess talking to old pals, the next he fancied he was lying on some sort of table surrounded by ghostly white-robed figures. After many attempts he at last managed to get one eye open, but a searing white shaft of light forced him to close it again.

An excruciating pain in his thigh almost caused him to lose consciousness again. Strange how he had

forgotten that he had been hit; it must have been that crack on the head which caused this nightmare of changing scenes. A sickly aroma seeped into his aching, pain-racked head, and the next moment merciful oblivion blotted out the pain of wounded leg and aching head.

Around the operating table, white-robed figures began to relax from the rigid tenseness which had held them for so long.

"It's remarkable! I'd never have believed it if I had not seen it myself," said the tall figure to whom the others deferred. "Remarkable!" "Are you sure that the heart had stopped, Sir Basil?" questioned one of the group.

"Positive! There was no sign of pulse or respiration; you saw that, didn't you, Dawson? Yet within half a minute of my making that incision in the diaphragm and massaging the heart it started pulsing again. It was fortunate that we had that iron lung handy, though. Yes, gentlemen, I think we can honestly say that there lies a man who has died and been restored to life again. And, what's more, I believe he will continue to live! Since those two transfusions he has responded remarkably. How is he doing now, Turner?"

"Quite satisfactory," responded the man sitting at the patient's head.

Again the figure on the table groped painfully through the mists to semi-consciousness, but still his mind could not rid itself of nightmare images. Vainly he endeavored to reason. Had he really seen those men, and talked with them? One part of his brain told him that it was impossible, and yet another told him that they were real. Hadn't he heard their voices?

As though coming from a great distance his ears caught the sound of chimes, and automatically he began to count. One, two, three—eleven. The eleventh hour, of the eleventh day, of the eleventh month!

Softly to the ears of the now silent listeners drifted the first lines of that simple, yet impressive, ceremony in honor of the nation's dead heroes.

"They grow not old—"

(Copyright)



KEEPS HIM FIT

You can't keep fit if you suffer from constipation. NYAL FIGSEN—the gentle, natural laxative—is dependable, thorough and non-habit forming because it is made from three of Nature's own laxatives—figs, senna and cascara. Try Figsen Tablets yourself and slip a tin regularly in your service parcels. Figsen is one of the 168 dependable NYAL FAMILY MEDICINES and suits every member of the family. NYAL FIGSEN is sold by chemists everywhere. 1/3 a tin.

The next best thing to Nature . . .

Nyal Figsen
THE GENTLE LAXATIVE

FEELING "Ready to Drop"

There is really no excuse for being listless, depressed or easily tired—with no energy or joy of living left. There's a remedy for that worn-out feeling, so often brought on by overwork or war-strain, and increased by the daily worries and anxieties of business or family life. One tin of WINGCARNIS, the "No-waiting Tonic," makes you feel brighter, more alert—vigorous and alive. A few more glasses put that sparkle in your eyes, spring in your step, pep into your body. WINGCARNIS has this "wonderful effect" because its rich, choice, full-blooded wine content is supercharged with two vital, nourishing vitamins. It brings new strength to your brain and nerves. A long course is not necessary. You may safely take and enjoy WINGCARNIS—its value is proved by the 38,000 recommendations received from medical men. Obtainable from all chemists.

Fashion PATTERNS



SPECIAL CONCESSION PATTERN
PLAY FROCKS FOR SMALL GIRLS. SIZES: 1 TO 6 YEARS
 No. 1 requires 1½yds., and ½yd. contrast, 36ins. wide.
 No. 2 requires 1½yds., 36ins. wide.
 No. 3 requires 1½yds., and ½yd. contrast, 36ins. wide.

PLEASE NOTE: To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: * Write your name and full address in block letters. * Be sure to include necessary stamps and postal notes. * State size required. * For children state sex of child. * Use box numbers given on concession coupon.

Firm, Healthy Gums mean brighter Teeth and Smiles!



***Start Today with IPANA TOOTH PASTE**

Ipana is designed to do more than clean teeth thoroughly. With massage, it aids your gums to healthier firmness. Each time you brush your teeth massage on to your gums.

a little extra Ipana
SEE YOUR DENTIST at least twice a year to enable him to discover and check any unsuspected dental defects.

IPANA IS SOLD BY CHEMISTS ONLY.

7564

Tastes good . . . does you good

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT'
 first thing every morning

F3268.—Flattering style with shaped waistline and unusual bodice. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 3½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern 1/7.
F3266.—Engaging pinafore style with contrasting tailored blouse. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 3½yds. for pinafore, and 1½yds. for blouse. 36ins. wide. Pattern 1/7.
F3389.—For matrons—a beautifully tailored suit with skirt box-pleated in front. 38 to 44 bust. Requires 4½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern 1/7.
F3357.—Dainty floral frock with cross-over bodice and front fullness in the skirt. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 3½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern 1/7.
F3347.—Smart new style with yoke and skirt in plaid and contrasting long torso bodice. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 2½yds. plaid, and ½yd. plain, 36ins. wide. Pattern 1/7.
F3177.—Bewitching little party frock for young things, 6 to 12 years. Requires 2½yds., and ½yd. contrast, 36ins. wide. Pattern 1/4.

Concession Coupon

AVAILABLE for one month from date of issue. 2d. stamp must be forwarded for each coupon enclosed. Patterns over one month old 3d. extra.
 Send your order to "Pattern Department," to the address in your State, as under:
 Box 368A, G.P.O., Adelaide
 Box 481G, G.P.O., Perth
 Box 405P, G.P.O., Brisbane
 Tasmania: Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne
 N.Z.: Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney. (N.Z. readers use money orders only.)
 Patterns may be called for or obtained by post.
 PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS

NAME
 STREET
 SUBURB TOWN
 STATE SIZE Pattern Coupon, 3d. 9/42.

• Rachel
• Poche
• Sungold
• Hawaiian
• Tan

It's Patriotic to Buy Wisely

Every woman is penny-wise these days when it comes to buying cosmetics, and Cashmere Bouquet offers her the finest quality cosmetics at commonsense prices. She can still show a brave face to the world in glorious Cashmere Bouquet colours for conquest. Cashmere Bouquet coloured foundations, tinted to the exact tonings of Cashmere Bouquet face powder, are obtainable in four smart modern shades that have been selected specially by experts to blend with all skin types.

Cashmere Bouquet
FINE QUALITY COSMETICS
AT COMMONSENSE PRICES

Complexion Lotion:
Large 2/10, Small 1/2

Face Powder:
Large 2/10
Regular 1/8
Half size 11d.

Foundation Cream:
Large 2/10, Small 1/2



THE SKIN of some dark-haired people is oily. If yours is oily, use plenty of soap and water for cleansing. Nancy Gates, RKO starlet pictured above, is a soap-and-water fan. Her skin is smooth and clear.

Basis of lovely skin is health

● Cosmetics should be used to improve your looks, not to camouflage pimples, blackheads, a dry, peeling skin — says Medico.

"OF course, you wouldn't be able to help me with my cosmetic problem, would you, doctor? That's not your line," said Betty Smith to me in my consulting room last week.

"On the contrary," I replied, "we doctors can help you in many ways with your cosmetics. We can help

you look at cosmetics in the right way. We can give you individual advice as to what cosmetics suit your type of skin, and we can warn you of dangers that are present in some kinds of cosmetics."

First of all we can't get away from the fact that the basis of a clear skin is a healthy body. No cosmetic should mask the results of

lack of sleep, and not enough milk, fruit, vegetables, and wholemeal bread, for instance.

I sometimes wish that women would be as interested in what they put in their face as they are in what they put on it.

Cosmetics should be used only to improve one's appearance, and not depended upon to disguise ill-health.

A flushed face or a pimply skin is nature's warning that all is not well. For example, a dry, peeling skin may be due to thyroid gland disorder.

An unnatural redness is often caused by digestive disturbances. Properly balanced meals and regular habits will put it right, whereas no powder can conceal a hot, flushed appearance.

A sudden outbreak of pimples and blackheads may have some relation to disturbed functions of the generative organs.

The continual use of laxatives which contain a drug called phenolphthalein may produce a pigmentation. "The occasional use of bromides and sedatives can produce a rash of stubborn pimples on many people."

Regarding cosmetics, there is no general rule—the best method is to make a thorough study of your skin and choose the proper cosmetic. Many people are allergic to certain preparations, some cosmetics keeping the skin in a state of constant irritation. When perfumes or toilet waters containing oil of bergamot are applied and the skin is later exposed to the sun, a peculiar brown pigmentation may occur.

Advice worth noting

PERSONS with very dry, sensitive skins should avoid too much soap and water. Emollient cleansing creams should be used instead.

Of course, a soap and water wash is necessary at times.

On the other hand, an oily skin needs plenty of soap and water to overcome the excessive secretion of the oil glands.

Use a soap that produces an abundant lather and contains a minimum of alkali.

The skin should be washed as often as necessary to keep it free of dust and grease which will accumulate in the openings of the hair follicles.

Women always have paid and always will pay high prices for cosmetics, ignorant of their relative value. Most women buy not lotions but hope.

For the person with a dry, irritable skin the use of cold cream at bedtime is advisable. Some people are inclined to believe cold creams cause the growth of hair on the face. This is a fallacy. No cold cream or any other emollient will cause the growth of hair.

Cosmetics are not condemned by the medical profession, but it is obvious that insufficient washing will allow cold creams, vanishing creams, rouge and powder to block the sebaceous and sweat glands, which may lead to acne or blackheads.



FAIR-SKINNED PEOPLE like lovely Anna Neagle, RKO Radio star pictured above, suffer more from blazing sun and wind than do dark-haired people. If you are among the fair you should cleanse your skin with a cream rather than soap and water after exposure. Some excellent hints for both types are given in Medico's article on this page.

I CAN'T FAULT YOUR UNIFORM, PEGGY— BUT HOW ABOUT THAT MUDDY COMPLEXION?

Don't "cover up" skin faults— clear them right away with

Rexona
MEDICATED SOAP

THINKS: NOW REXONA'S CLEARED MY SKIN I KNOW WHAT REAL HAPPINESS MEANS

I'LL SEND THIS HOME TO SHOW THE FOLKS MY BEAUTIFUL GIRL FRIEND

10½d PER TABLET

REXONA SOAP is medicated with Cadyli and in addition contains Oil of Cassia, Oil of Cloves, Oil of Terebinth, Borax Acetate — all recognised valuable skin medicaments.

MEN just can't help falling in love with soft smooth skin, like Peg's. Now when you're extra busy, guard against a coarse blotchy complexion by using Rexona Soap every day. Its creamy medicated lather floats out every vestige of dust and dirt, lets the tiny pores do their natural work. No other soap contains these valuable medicaments. Rexona gives you a lovely skin and keeps it lovely.



SH! —she's sound asleep now



When you can't sleep when tossing and turning keep you awake... it's time you started on Horlicks. A hot cup of Horlicks last thing before bed relaxes your mind, soothes your body. You sleep soundly and serenely, and wake up next morning feeling fit for anything.

If lack of sleep is making you jumpy and irritable, get a tin of Horlicks to-day. Drink it hot before bed, and have deep, restful sleep to-night, to-morrow night, and every night from now on. You can buy Horlicks in tins, 3/- or handy glass jars, 5/-. (Prices slightly higher in the country.)

Horlicks is made from malted barley, wheat and full-cream milk... and milk is one of Nature's finest protective foods. Horlicks is rich in protein, fats, carbohydrates and mineral salts and vitamins that build up vitality. Yet Horlicks is so easy to digest that it puts practically no strain on the stomach during sleep.

For Your Emergency Store
In an emergency, the whole family could live on Horlicks for an indefinite period. It is a complete food containing and nourishing for old and young, in health and sickness. It needs mixing with water only, and can be taken cold. It keeps indefinitely if the top is replaced tightly.



HORLICKS for deep restful sleep H13

From our readers...

EIGHT MEALTIME GEMS

● The pick-of-the-week recipes on this page win cash prizes for enterprising readers. Now send in your family's favorite. It may secure first prize of £1 or consolation prize for you!



COLOR FOR THE TABLE is an important menu feature. This orange cake is frosted with pale green icing and decorated with garden-fresh wallflowers. Recipe for boiled frosting was given in a recent issue.

LEMON custard cake dessert, the main prizewinner this week, is as delicious as it sounds.

The Somerset Surprise, a runner-up, is a fine savory, embracing eggs, cheese, breadcrumbs. The recipe suggests an accompaniment of hot potatoes and hot peas. Try too, in a salad with diced potato mayonnaise and chilled green peas.

The mock caper recipe is a request that finds a fairly regular place in our mail. Caper sauce with boiled meat is the first thought on reading this recipe. Caper sauce is good, but use these capers also, chopped and sprinkled, on a salad, in the salad dressing, with fish, in stuffings.

So many of the sharp menu accessories—as olives and gherkins

—are hard to come by these days. Why worry when you can find mock capers growing on the garden fence!

A light savory dish is so often wanted in many homes—old people to be catered for, a convalescent to be fed, or something light for feminine appetites. Well, here is a recipe for a delicious savory brain pie. Chopped parsley or a little chopped bacon would be a worthwhile addition.

Another man has found his way into our lists. He labels the date crumb pie a "new sweet." The lemon flavor makes it interesting, but the important ingredient is a cupful of grated raw carrot.

The sham potatoes were eaten with relish after testing. They will certainly be tried again.

Orange kisses are the type of little cookies that one can't make too often. For lightness and crispness try cornflour for that extra 1 cup of flour.

The salad dressing is a simple little recipe worth passing on now that salads are returning in force to our everyday eating.

LEMON CUSTARD CAKE DESSERT

Put 1 pint water on to boil in a saucepan. Beat 2 eggs, add a large tablespoon cornflour, 1 cup sugar, juice 2 medium-sized lemons, and a little grated rind, then 1 teaspoonful butter.

Mix all together. Pour the boiling water into the mixture, stirring well. Put back into saucepan, and stir over heat till it thickens. Put aside with lid on to keep hot.

Crust: Beat 1 tablespoon butter with 2 tablespoons sugar, add 1 beaten egg, stir in 1 cup sifted self-raising flour and enough milk to make into consistency of stiff batter.

Spread mixture on bottom and sides of greased glass casserole pie-dish. Pour in lemon custard. Now spread more cake mixture over the top, leaving patches of custard showing through.

Bake in medium oven (350 deg. F.) till a rich golden brown. Serve either hot or cold.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. K. E. Tivey, 164 Rossmore Ave., Punchbowl, N.S.W.

SOMERSET SURPRISE

Three hard-boiled eggs, 1 raw egg, piece cream cheese (size of an egg), breadcrumbs, seasoning, a little flour, fat for frying, 1 lb. cooked peas.

Shell the hard-boiled eggs and cut in halves lengthwise; remove yolks carefully. Put yolks in a basin with cheese and 2 tablespoons breadcrumbs.

Season with pepper and salt, and pound together. Fill whites with the mixture, roll in flour, then egg and breadcrumbs, and fry in hot fat until golden. Arrange eggs on heated peas, and serve with mashed potatoes.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss M. Heinemann, Charlton, via Toowoomba, Qld.

SALAD DRESSING

Half-teaspoon curry powder, 1 teaspoon salt and dash of pepper, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 tablespoon condensed milk, 2 or 3 table spoons vinegar or juice of good-sized lemon.

Mix dry ingredients, then add condensed milk, gradually add lemon juice. The yolk of a hard-boiled egg mixed in with dry ingredients is an improvement.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. Lansdowne, Sharnfield, via Sarina, Qld.

BRAIN PIE

Take three sets sheep's brains, soak them in salted water for an hour. Drain and skin. Place in a saucepan and cover with cold water. Bring to the boil, strain, and chop them lightly. Butter a pie-dish and cover bottom with a thick layer of breadcrumbs.

Then put in a layer of brains, season with pepper and salt, add a layer of breadcrumbs. Repeat this until dish is full, breadcrumbs being the last layer.

Beat two eggs with half-pint milk, pour over breadcrumbs and brains. Dot with small pieces butter, and bake in hot oven for 20 minutes.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. C. Boorman, James St., New Farm, Brisbane.

A "NEW SWEET"

One pint milk, 1 cup grated raw carrot, 1 cup breadcrumbs, 1 teaspoon lemon essence, 2 tablespoons dates (finely chopped), 1 egg, and pastry to line a flat pie-dish.

Mix carrots and breadcrumbs. Pour over milk at almost boiling point; leave to cool. Mix in essence, dates, and beaten egg. Line a pie-dish with pastry. Pour in the mixture and bake until set and brown on top.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mr. P. J. Clark, Duffy Ave., Thornleigh, N.S.W.

"SHAM POTATOES"

Into 1 cup of self-raising flour rub 4 dessertspoons of nice clear fat, pinch of salt. Mix into paste with a little water, make paste of a cone consistency and cut into pieces and roll like dumplings and shape like potatoes. Bake in meat tin after roast meat, fat, and gravy have been taken out, leaving only a little gravy and fat in meat tin in which to bake until golden, about 15 minutes according to heat of oven. They will be light, will absorb gravy and fat, therefore be careful not to leave too much fat. This quantity of flour will make about 10 or 12 "potatoes."

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. A. Gelly, Fitzroy Ave., Red Cliffs, Vic.

MOCK CAPERS

Pick young nasturtium seeds when about half-grown, or when they can be pierced with a needle. Pour over them boiling salted water, stand a minute, then drain and place seeds in a hot bottle.

Place some white vinegar in a saucepan, add salt to taste, a few peppercorns, heat to boiling point, and pour over seeds.

Cork tightly, and stand for at least 10 days.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. Rankin, 211 Catherine St., Leichhardt, N.S.W.

ORANGE KISSES

One and a half tablespoons butter, 1 cup sugar, 1 tablespoon orange rind, grated, also 1 teaspoon juice, 1 egg, 11 cups self-raising flour.

Mix butter and sugar to cream, add orange rind and juice, egg, and lastly flour. Mix well, put small teaspoons on tray, bake in a moderate oven till nicely brown. When cold, join together with orange icing.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. R. Bailey, Wombat Rd., Young, N.S.W.



Dandruff is so unsightly; don't stand for it another day! The proven treatment is Listerine Antiseptic which kills the dandruff germ instantly, stops itching and burning, dissolves ugly scales and promotes healthy hair growth. Add a little olive oil if the scalp is too dry and get started to-day.

Shampoo with
LISTERINE
THE SAFE ANTISEPTIC
3 SIZES, 1/6, 3/-, 5/9

HÆMORRHOID SUFFERERS

You can only get quick, safe and lasting relief by removing the cause—congestion of blood in the lower bowel. Nothing but an internal treatment can do this—that's why cutting and salves fail. Dr. Leonard's Haemorrhoid, a harmless tablet, is guaranteed to quickly and safely relieve any form of pile misery or money back. Chemists everywhere sell it with this guarantee.

Whatever the weather

You can make sure of keeping your waves if you use Amami Wave Set

To keep your hair neat and tidy, rain or fine, simply set your waves and curls with Amami Wave Set. Then, however tiresome the weather may be, your hair will retain its neatly groomed appearance. The three pictures below show how easy it is to set your hair this way. You will find full, simple directions with the bottle. Get one to-day!



AMAMI

WAVE SET 1 1/2 PER BOTTLE



SALAD DAYS

...are here again!

● In these menus and recipes the most has been made of garden-to-table produce, of fruit and vegetable combinations that make spring menus lovely to look at, luscious to eat

"Let onion atoms lurk within the bowl. And, half suspected, animate the whole."

So sang the poet when dwelling on the delights of the table in general, and of salads in particular.

The use of garlic is a delicate issue. You either like it or not. A gentle rub round the bowl or a crust rubbed with garlic and placed at the bottom of the salad is sufficient to give that faint, suggestive flavor to the salad. If not garlic, onions, and if not onions, eschallots and chives. A few chives chopped and sprinkled on crisp lettuce leaves just before serving certainly give elicit to a salad.

There is nothing to equal the simple salad—crisp greens, a fine sprinkling of herbs, a mere hint of onion flavor, a baptism at the table itself of oil and a touch of white vinegar. This is the salad of the France of happy days, in the homes of the bourgeois and of the peasant. There was even no cutting up beforehand, the greens were broken on the plate. The simplicity of these salads is exquisite to the palate and has other obvious qualities to recommend it, but there is no hesitation in recommending the following spring salad combinations:—

Serve separately in lettuce cups grated raw carrot, diced beetroot, and thinly-sliced cucumber. Serve with thin, clear dressing.

Separate a young uncooked cauliflower into flowerets, and steep for 20 minutes in dressing made from lemon juice or vinegar and salad oil (the oil may be omitted if unobtainable). Try home-made apple vinegar—it's good. Add finely-chopped celery and eschallots. Serve with crisp lettuce, sliced tomato for color.

Try grated carrots with raisins and watercress. Serve brown bread and butter and mayonnaise.

Finely-shredded, raw, white cabbage served in piles on pineapple slices and topped with a cheese dressing is good.

COOKED VEGETABLE SALADS

Certain vegetables are more palatable and satisfying when cooked, whether hot or cold. Time and fuel can be saved by cooking an extra measure with to-night's dinner for to-morrow's salad.

Pulse vegetables (dried peas and beans) are satisfying ingredients when served cold in salads. Remember they have a higher food value if allowed to germinate in moisture before cooking. Flavor them well with bacon rind or herbs during cooking. Try these cooked vegetable salads:

Lightly-cooked cauliflower, masked with salad-dressing and surrounded with tomato wedges, and spooned heaps of green peas.

Diced, cooked potatoes, to which crumbled, cooked bacon has been added. Top with salad dressing, and sprinkle with a mixture of chopped parsley and eschallots.

Combine a mixture of diced, cooked vegetables, and set in small moulds in a savory jelly made with gelatine, boiling water, and meat extract (see centre picture). Serve with salad greens.

Shredded green beans, chilled well, sliced beetroot, cauliflower pickles, and lettuce. Serve with brown bread and butter.

Mix cooked lima beans and chopped celery and serve in lettuce cups. Top with salad dressing, sprinkle with parsley and onion.

THE SALADS that bloom in the spring are as gay and attractive as the flowers in the garden. The salads in our picture are planned for a fork luncheon or supper. Recipes are given on this page.

COLD MEAT SALADS

As the days become longer and warmer, stews and hashies and savory pies appear less and less frequently on the menu. So they should. But what of the remains of the roast joint? It is economical to cook a large piece of meat, from the point of view of initial cost, fuel used, and time spent. Here are glamor suggestions for its cold service:

Corned Beef Pinwheels: Slice the beef very thinly and cover with a layer of creamed potato, flavored with chopped onion and parsley. Roll up as for a swiss roll, and wrap in paper and chill until firm. Cut in half-inch slices. As well as for salad plate (see picture above), service, are excellent little supper savories. If potatoes are scarce, use a seasoned breadcrumb filling.

Sliced Beef Rolls: Cut cooked cold beef in thin, neat slices. Prepare a filling of finely-shredded raw car-

pork finely and arrange in overlapping slices. Place a small spoonful of apple sauce on each slice and sprinkle with parsley, arrange on the platter finely-shredded raw cabbage, cold cooked green peas, and sliced tomato.

Austerity Campaign Salad: Finely mince any left-over cooked meat. Season and bind with a thick, smooth brown or white sauce. Turn out onto soft breadcrumbs and form into flat cakes or balls. Roll in chopped parsley. Serve with grated carrot and shredded lettuce.

SAVORY FRUIT SALAD PLATTERS

For many, the service of fruit in savory salads is a taste that requires cultivating.

The use of fruits gives a wider variety to salad plates. The custom of fruit in savory dishes is not new.

Oliver Cromwell demanded sliced oranges with his cold meat platters. A 15th century writer recorded his favorite recipe as "Tak seven or eight dates cut in long slices, a handful of raisins of the sun, the stones being pickt out, a handful of almonds bianchi, a handful of currans, five or six figs, sliced, a preserved orange cut in slices; mingle all these together with a handful of sugar, and the whole sauced is a faire dish fit for a shoulder of mutton." Rosemary sprigs, sliced lemon, and cherries completed the garnish of this faire dish.

Here are some modern versions: Avocados, halved and stoned, sprinkled with lemon juice and filled with cream cheese, served with lettuce heart and sliced tomato (see picture).

"Orange cases, filled with diced, cooked veal, diced orange pulp, and

Salad Menus

(For luncheon, light dinner, or supper)

No. 1

Celery and Apple Salad with Salted Nuts
Toasted Cheese Sandwiches
Orange Chip
Coffee

No. 2

Pineapple Juice
Cold Minced Lamb Patties with:
Potato and Green Pea Salad
Lettuce
Minted Salad Dressing
Balsin Cookies
Coffee

No. 3

Tomato Barley Broth
Salad Scotch Eggs (fried in coating of minced meat)
Grated Carrot and Turnip in Lettuce Cups
Pineapple Wedges
Cheese Scones
Bananas with Caramel Junket
Tea or Coffee

No. 4

Diced Pineapple Cocktail
Lamb Salad Platter with:
Cauliflowerets and Diced Parsnip in Lettuce Cups
Minted Tomato Slices
Celery Curls
Orange Cream Pie Wedges
Coffee

No. 5

Clear Beef Broth
Beetroot Stuffed with Fish Mayonnaise
Lettuce Wedges
Hard-Boiled Eggs
Marshmallow Coffee Cream with:
Lemon Sauce

cooked green peas, topped with mayonnaise, and served with salad greens (see picture).

Diced pineapple, served in lettuce cups, with a cold lamb salad.

Sliced apples and bananas, sprinkled well with lemon juice, on a bed of finely-shredded lettuce. Top with mayonnaise and sprinkle with chopped salted peanuts.

Chilled pears, filled with a mayonnaise to which chopped celery and grated raw white turnip have been added. Serve with lettuce and cheese wedges.

By OLWEN FRANCIS

Food and Country Expert in The Australian Women's Weekly

rot, turnip, and celery. Bind with mayonnaise, flavored well with herbs or horseradish and thickened further, if liked, with mashed potatoes. Mould this filling into rolls, roll in chopped parsley, and place on the sliced beef. Fold the beef round the filling, secure with a small wooden pick. Serve with salad greens.

Yorkshire Lilies: Slice cold mutton thinly and form into small cornucopia horns and secure with small wooden picks. Fill with a mixture of chopped celery, grated apple, a dash of sharp cheese, and mayonnaise.

Californian Meat Platter: Slice



A LAMB OF SATAN, NOTHING LESS THEY SAY OF MARGARET SUSAN BESS



SHE RAIDS THE ORCHARD AFTER FRUIT A MOST UN-LADY-LIKE PURSUIT



TO FIND THE CULPRIT, FARMER SANDS IS WATCHING OUT FOR FRUIT-STAINED HANDS



BUT NO ONE THINKS OF BLAMING HER SHE'D USED THE SOLVOL EARLIER!



★THE SPOTLIGHT'S
ON YOUR HAIR!



Hair is fashion news! Today
your hair MUST be beautiful
and exquisitely groomed.

Try one bottle of Barry's Tri-coph-erous
and see how it keeps your hair silken-soft,
easy to manage and gleaming with lovely
highlights.

Use Barry's Tri-coph-erous to stop Falling
Hair, Dandruff, Premature Greyness, Dry
or brittle hair, Over-oily or itching scalp.

**BARRY'S
Tri-coph-erous**
FAMOUS HAIR TONIC
Sold by all Chemists and Stores

New Comfort for
Those Who Wear
FALSE TEETH

No longer does any wearer of
false teeth need to be uncomfortable.
FASTTEETH, a new, improved
powder sprinkled on upper or lower
plates keeps them firm and com-
fortable. No stummy, goopy, pasty
taste. Deodorizes. Get **FASTTEETH**
to-day, any chemist. (2 sizes.)
Refuse substitutes ***

It's beautiful! CIRCULAR SHAWL in easy crochet

● One of the richest and most attractive-
looking shawls you've ever set eyes upon.
Lovely gift for a babe. Do make it!

THIS shawl was specially
designed for our readers.
Nowhere else will you be able
to obtain directions.

It measures 56 inches in
diameter when completed.
Here are directions:

Materials: 8 loz. balls Paton and
Baldwin's Beehive Lady Betty wool,
3-ply, and one No. 9 bone crochet
hook.

Measurements: Across shawl,
56ins.

Abbreviations: Rnd., round; ch.,
chain; tr., treble; d.c., double
crochet; st., stitch; sl-st., slip-
stitch; sp., space; bl., block; rep.,
repeat.

Commence with 12 ch. Join into
ring with sl-st.

1st Round: Make 3 ch. to stand
for 1 tr. Into first ch. work 1 tr.
Then into following chs. work 2 tr.
(24 tr.)

2nd Round: 5 ch. (1 tr. between
next 2 tr. 2 ch.) twice, * 1 tr., 2 ch.,
1 tr. between next 2 tr. (2 ch., 1 tr.
between next 2 tr.) 3 times, 2 ch.
Rep. from * to last sp. (1 tr., 2 ch.,
1 tr.) Join with sl-st. to 3rd ch. of 5 ch.

3rd Round: 5 ch. (1 tr. into middle
of 2 ch. sp. of previous round) twice,
* 1 tr., 2 ch., 1 tr. into sp. of pre-
vious round. (2 ch., 1 tr. into sp.
of previous round) 4 times, 2 ch.
Rep. from * to last 2 sps. (1 tr., 2
ch., 1 tr.) into next sp. 2 ch., 1 tr.
into last sp. Join as in previous
round (35 tr.) Continue in this
manner, working 1 tr. into each sp.
and the increases directly above

each other until 20 rounds have been
worked (138 tr.).

21st Round: Sl-st. into first st.
of sp., 3 ch., 3 tr. into sp., 2 ch.,
miss 1 sp., * 4 tr. into next sp., 2
ch., miss 1 sp. Rep. from * to
end of round. Join with sl-st.

22nd Round: Sl-st. across bl., sl-
st. into first st. of sp., 3 ch., 3 tr.,
into sp., 2 ch., miss 1 bl., * 4 tr. into
next sp., 3 ch., miss 1 bl. Rep. from
* to end of round.

23rd Round: Sl-st. to middle of
bl., 5 ch., 1 tr. into sp., 2 ch. (1 tr.,
2 ch., 1 tr.) into middle of bl., *
(2 ch., 1 tr. into next sp., 2 ch.,
1 tr. into middle of bl.) 11 times,
2 ch. (1 tr., 2 ch., 1 tr.) into next sp.
Rep. from * to end of round. Join
with sl-st.

24th Round: Sl-st. to middle of
sp., 5 ch., 1 tr. into next sp., * 2 ch.
(1 tr., 2 ch., 1 tr.) into next sp.
(2 ch., 1 tr. into next sp.) 23 times.
Rep. from * to end of round. (150
tr.)

25th Round: Like 21st round.

26th Round: Like 22nd round.

27th Round: Work as given for
21st round. Instead of working 2

ch. each time, make 3 ch. between
every 4th and 5th bl.

28th Round: Work as given for
22nd round. Instead of working 2
ch. each time, make 3 ch. between
every 3rd and 4th bl.

29th Round: Sl-st. to middle of bl.
5 ch. (1 tr. into sp., 2 ch., 1 tr. into
middle of bl.) 11 times, 2 ch., 1 tr.
into space, 2 ch. (1 tr., 2 ch., 1 tr.)
into middle of next block, * (2 ch.,
1 tr. into next space, 2 ch., 1 tr. into
next bl.) 12 times, 2 ch. (1 tr., 2 ch.,
1 tr.) into next sp. (2 ch., 1 tr. into



HOW SNUG AND LOVELY this babe looks with the shawl draped
around him. The shawl is fifty-six inches in diameter.

next bl., 2 ch., 1 tr. into sp.) 12 times.
2 ch. (1 tr., 2 ch., 1 tr.) into middle
of bl. Rep. from * to end of the
round.

30th Round: Sl-st. to middle of sp.,
5 ch. (1 tr. into next sp., 2 ch.) 23
times, * 1 tr., 2 ch., 1 tr. into next
sp. (2 ch., 1 tr. into next sp.) 25
times, 2 ch. Rep. from * to end
of round.

31st and 32nd Rounds: Work 2 ch.,
1 tr. into each sp. and the increases
directly above each other (176 tr.).

33rd Round: Like 21st round.

34th Round: Like 22nd round.

35th Round: Like 22nd round.
Making 3 ch. occasionally between
each bl.

36th Round: Like 22nd round.
Making 3 ch. between every 4th and
5th bl.

37th Round: Like 22nd round.
Making 3 ch. between every 4th and
5th bl.

38th Round: Like 22nd rnd. Mak-

ing 3 ch. between every 3rd and 4th
bl.

39th Round: Sl-st. to middle of
bl., 5 ch. (1 tr. into middle of sp.,
2 ch., 1 tr. into middle of bl., 2 ch.)
9 times, * (1 tr., 2 ch., 1 tr.) into next
sp. (2 ch., 1 tr. into middle of bl.,
2 ch., 1 tr. into sp.) 14 times, 2 ch.
Rep. from * to end of round.

40th and 41st Rounds: Work 2 ch.,
1 tr. into each sp. and the increas-
ings directly above each other.

42nd and 43rd Rounds: As pre-
vious rounds, but making 3 ch. be-
tween every 3rd and 4th tr.

44th Round: As previous round,
but making 3 ch. between every 3rd
and 4th tr. (219 trebles).

45th Round: Sl-st. to middle of
first sp., 3 ch. to stand for 1 tr., *
1 ch. (3 tr., 2 ch., 3 tr.) into next
sp., 1 ch., 1 tr. into next sp. Rep.
from * to end of round.

Continued on page 45

DO YOU KNOW?

HE EATS HIS HANDS AND KNEES!

IN SAMOA, AFTER A MAN DIED, THOSE
WHO ATTENDED HIM ARE MOST CARE-
FUL NOT TO HANDLE FOOD, FOR DAYS
THEY WERE FED BY OTHERS. VIOLATION
OF THIS RULE MEANT THAT TEETH
WOULD BE KNOCKED OUT. IF A MAN
WHO ATTENDED DECEASED WAS
HUNGRY AND HAD NO ONE TO
FEED HIM, HE WOULD GO DOWN
ON HIS HANDS & KNEES &
PICK UP HIS VICTUALS
WITH HIS MOUTH!

**Superstition
says...**

CHATTERING
OF TEETH
SIGNIFIES
VISITATION OF
A LOST LOVER

**19th
Century
powder to
kill worms
in teeth!**

AN ADVERTISEMENT
IN THE BRITISH JOURNAL IN 1942
DESCRIBED A METHOD OF REMOVING
WORMS, WHICH CONSISTED OF HEATING
ONION SEEDS IN A SMALL FUNNEL THE
STEM OF WHICH WAS HELD AGAINST
THE ACHING TOOTH. THE WORMS WERE
FOUND IN THE FUNNEL AFTER IT HAD
COOLED—BUT THE WORMS,
PRESUMABLY FROM THE TOOTH,
WERE IN REALITY DRIVEN OUT
OF THE ONION SEEDS.

**TEETH SHARE
IN CIRCULATION OF
OUR BLOOD**

HARDNESS
OF TOOTH ENAMEL IS PRODUCED
BECAUSE BLOOD BRINGS CALCIUM
TO THE TEETH. TO PROVE THIS
DR. PERCY HOWE FED
AN IRON COMPOUND
TO LABORATORY ANIMALS
AND RECOVERED IRON
FROM THE TEETH IN
30 MINUTES. I GUARD
YOUR TEETH CAREFULLY.
KOLYNOS CLEANS TEETH
SURGICALLY

**KOLYNOS DENTAL
CREAM**

CREAM WAS DEVELOPED BY THE
WORLD FAMOUS DR. N.S. JENKINS. HE
FOUND THAT IT IS NOT POSSIBLE TO FORCE
TOOTHBRUSH BRISTLES INTO EVERY TOOTH
CREVICE. YET THESE CREVICES HAVE TO BE
REACHED. IF BACTERIA ARE TO BE DESTROYED
FOR 17 YEARS HE EXPERIMENTED. THE
RESULT WAS KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM, THE
DENTIFRICE THAT PENETRATES EVERY PIT &
CREVICE, PREVENTS BACTERIAL MOUTH
& CLEANS TEETH SURGICALLY.

**LOSIN! IT'S
AMAZING! KOLYNOS
IS THE MOST ECONOMICAL
DENTAL CREAM OF ALL.
HALF AN INCH ON
A DRY BRUSH IS
PLENTY**

**KOLYNOS
DENTAL
CREAM**

For Blood, Veins, and Arteries

Elasto

REGISTERED

The Wonder Tablet

Take It—And Stop Limping!

EVERY sufferer should test this wonderful new Biomedical treatment,
which brings quick relief from pain and weariness and creates within
the system a new health force, overcoming sluggish, unhealthy conditions,
and arousing to full activity the inherent healing powers of the body.
No ailment resulting from poor or sluggish circulation of the blood can
resist the action of "Elasto." Varicose veins are restored to a healthy
condition, the arteries become supple, skin troubles clear up, and leg
wounds heal naturally. There is quick relief from piles and rheumatism
in all its forms. This is not magic. It is the natural result of re-
vitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by "Elasto"—
the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.

Everybody is Asking—What is "Elasto"?

THIS question is fully answered in an interesting booklet, which ex-
plains in simple language this amazing method of revitalising the
blood. Your copy is Free, see offer below. Suffice it to say here that
"Elasto" is not a drug but a vital cell-food. It restores to the blood the
vital elements which combine with the blood albumin to form organic
elastic tissue and thus enables Nature to restore elasticity to the broken-
down and devitalised fabric of veins and arteries, and so to re-establish
normal, healthy circulation, without which there can be no true healing.
NINE TIMES OUT OF TEN THE REAL TROUBLE IS BAD CIRCULA-
TION

What Users of "Elasto" say:

"No sign of varicose veins now."
"Completely healed my varicose
ulcers."
"Relieved my Rheumatism and
Neuritis."

"Elasto" has quick cured my ec-
zema."
"My doctor marvelled at my quick
recovery from phlebitis."

Send for FREE Booklet

Simply send your name and address to "ELASTO," Box 1552K, Sydney, for your
FREE copy of the interesting "Elasto" booklet. Or better still, get a supply of
"Elasto" (with booklet enclosed) from your chemist today and see for yourself
what a wonderful difference "Elasto" makes. Obtainable from chemists and stores
everywhere. Price 7/6, one month's supply.

Elasto will save you pounds!

Dionne Quins have had their hair cut



• LATEST STUDY of the Quins received by air from America shows the famous five with their new hair style, a neat bob finished with a fringe and topped by a gay floral ribbon. It's just another sign that they're growing up—they were 8 last May. With

them in this picture is their mother, Mrs. Elzire Dionne, with whom they are now living. From left to right: Annette, Yvonne, Emilie, Marie, and Cecile. Marie has taken off the glasses she now wears to correct a weakness in her eyes.

Meet
RICHARD PAUNCEFOOT PETTICAN —
The sourest
"heavy breakfast" man
Until we changed
his ugly fate.



and switched **RICE BUBBLES**
to his plate!



These delicious bubbles of crispness are so light and digestible they lay practically no stress on your stomach at all. So change to Kellogg's Rice Bubbles and have a new, exciting and sustaining breakfast. When you have Kellogg's Rice Bubbles every morning you feel ever so much better right through the morning.



"Rice Bubbles" are utterly distinct from any other ready-to-eat cereal. Product and process are protected by Australian Letters Patent Nos. 14524/28; 14515/28. "Rice Bubbles" is the trade mark of Kellogg's (Aust.) Pty. Ltd. for oven-popped rice.



ABOVE: Emilie goes fishing in the good old summer-time—delightful outdoor picture of one of the Quins. And how they've grown!

For young wives and mothers

TRUBY KING SYSTEM

Benefits and dangers of sunshine

EVERYTHING living on the earth owes its life and nourishment indirectly to sunshine.

The important part it plays in good nutrition cannot be over-estimated.

Carefully graduated exposure of the skin surface to the direct rays of the sun should be started when a normal healthy baby is a month old.

Sunbaths, however, must be given carefully as there are dangers in injudicious exposure to sunlight.

A leaflet dealing with the benefits and the dangers of the use of sunshine has been prepared by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau. Readers interested in this subject can obtain this leaflet free by sending a request with a stamped addressed envelope to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4098WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

Endorse your envelope "Mothercraft."

"WHAT A BREAK NO GROWN-UPS AROUND"



"Here's where I find out how they work those tails! Lucky fish! Splashing around in a bath ALL the time."



"But they do miss the best part —satin smooth Johnson's Baby Powder! Wonder how they'd like it?"



"What, Mummy? Not for goldfish? ... Oh well—I guess they're sort of slippery to begin with. Thank goodness I'm not! I can always use a sprinkle of velvety-smooth Johnson's to help chase away chafes."



JOHNSON'S BABY POWDER

PRODUCT OF JOHNSON & JOHNSON PTY. LTD.

You Can Get Quick Relief From Tired Eyes



EYES OVERWORKED? Do they smart and burn? Just put two drops of Murine in each eye. Right away its extra ingredients start to cleanse and soothe you get—



QUICK RELIEF! Murine washes away irritation. Your eyes feel refreshed. Murine is alkaline—pure and gentle. It helps thousands start to-day to let it help you, too.

MURINE
For Your Eyes

SOOTHES · CLEANSSES · REFRESHES

£1000 FOR A NOVEL.

That is what The Australian Women's Weekly is offering in its great

£2000 Fiction Contest

Entries for the serial section of the contest close on

Sept. 30, 1942

Wake's MAIL ORDERS

489 SWANSTON ST. MELB.
Box 4535, Tel. F9222 (Melb)

The Janice Classic

MD 12K. Incorporating all victory features with ahead of the headlines fashion! Impeccably tailored in fine English art silk plain crepe, gathered and darted bodice, yoke shoulders, and action back. Flat, square-fronted, bow-tied collar and invert-pleated skirt. WAKE'S immaculate fit. Pick from Rose Pink, Heaven Blue or Navy. State color and size—KSSW, SSW, SW, W. Enclose 12 coupons.



35/-

COUPONS
Mail purchasers only. Cut coupons out and post with order to WAKE'S. Sign name and ration book number clearly on back. Only G1 to G56 valid until November 15. H1 to H56 and G1 to G56 coupons valid till June 15, 1943.

MAILOGRAM

WAKE'S MAIL ORDERS, 489 SWANSTON ST., MELB., C.1. Box 4535

The Largest Mail Order House in Australia

SEND STYLE No. MD 12K. SIZES

Colors

NAME

ADDRESS

STATE

COUPONS ENC.

I HAVE ENCLOSED £

SEND C.O.D. POST

Send For Wake's Catalog
— its free and post-free

CATALOGS CAN ONLY BE SENT TO PEOPLE LIVING BEYOND 15 MILES OF CAPITAL CITIES OR 10 MILES OF HOBART. — BUT MAIL ORDERS CAN BE FILLED FOR ANY ADDRESS FROM THIS AND SUBSEQUENT ADVERTISEMENTS.

The Dark Square

Continued from page 5

made it all the more valuable to Baikie.

A young Englishman lecturing to Miss Feather's ladies was not easily suspect, and the hospitable custom of providing free teas for down-and-outs made a wonderful blind for all sorts and conditions of people to keep in touch with one another and to transmit news.

When he had told Feather's to get rid of her existing butler and to engage one "James Milling" in his place, she knew that things in Charneck would soon be blowing up to a storm.

"James Milling," complete with authenticated passport and identification papers, duly arrived, was christened "The Archdeacon," and in a few months became one of the features of Feather's.

"P.I. was right about the diversion coming this way," Baikie told his listeners now. "Turbany is what the Nazis want and the Turbanian bauxite. No bauxite, no aluminium; no aluminium, no new aeroplanes. That's the logic of it. But they don't want to fight for it. They want Turbany without fighting, and somewhere tucked away up their cunning sleeves they've got the man who can get it for them."

"Of course, they've built up an elaborate organisation here—all the old tricks of peaceful and not quite so peaceful penetration, the 'tourists' with too much luggage, and the business people with too little business. We know a good deal about that."

"The trouble, from our point of view, is that they always seem capable of producing the man. They've got one for Turbany all right, and the queer part of it is that I've played blind-man's-buff with him across three countries for the past year, and I have no idea who he is."

"But I can tell you this, whoever this man is, he is formidable. Make no mistake about that. And he has somehow got a most almighty graft here in Turbany, so if we can't run him to earth and lay our hands on him before the explosion comes it will be grand slam, game and rubber to the other side."

Baikie stopped speaking, and helped himself to a pinch of snuff. Then abruptly changing the subject, he asked:

"How did you get on this afternoon, Adrian?"

"I had the pleasure of a drink with Captain von Gerne. I can't help feeling, Colonel, that there is something fishy about that gentleman. Give me a few more days to ferret things out, and I may have something to tell you."

"Go to it. And you can have Dicky here to help you. Feather's, you had better engage Dicky as odd man, boots, knives, coal and all the rest of it. He can sleep in that room next to the boiler-house, and I'll curse him all day long just to keep up appearances. He's a lame dog who has caught your fancy, that's the way to play it."

Dicky Horder grinned in his disarming way.

"Suits me all right," he announced, "as long as I have plenty to eat. I had to punch three extra holes in my belt while I was in Germany."

Feather's nodded. She looked as pleasantly abstracted as ever. Ignorantly you might imagine that nothing of what had happened, or been said, had penetrated to the amiably wool-gathering brain, but actually she could have repeated to you verbatim every syllable that she had heard.

She reached up above her desk and pulled the cord back into position. The monitor notice outside her door was now covered. Miss Feather-atonhaugh's Academy for Young Ladies took up its normal routine again.

As the meeting broke up Adrian said to Dicky Horder:

"I wonder if this bird we're after smokes a pipe."

"Smokes a pipe? Haven't the vaguest, old man. Why?"

"I just wondered," Adrian murmured, "that was all."

Adrian went straight from the meeting in Feather's room to the Schloss, where the Comtesse was giving an early sherry party.

When he arrived the big hall had a cheerful, animated appearance, though its size rather tended to minimise the number of people there.

Adrian could not see his hostess at first, and contented himself with taking a glass of sherry from the buffet and attaching himself to the nearest group of people, several of

whom he knew slightly. He found himself chatting to a very self-assured young lady with deep red nails and the most exquisite of pencilled eyebrows.

She was an English girl—he had forgotten her name—who had been to Feather's Academy and who on leaving it had stayed on in Charneck with Turbanian friends.

"Still teaching at Feather's, Mr. Mawley?" she asked.

Adrian assured her gravely that in spite of her departure the establishment just managed to carry on in much the normal manner.

"Isn't it funny to think that three years ago you were lecturing me on literature, or whatever it was?"

"Still funnier to reflect that in three minutes' time you will probably be lecturing me on life."

The young and rather naughty eyes sparkled dangerously.

"But if you show any aptitude at all, I wouldn't dream of ploughing you in your exams."

Adrian laughed with genuine amusement and bowed himself away. He had caught sight of his hostess at the far end of the room, and began a leisurely progress towards her. The Comtesse was talking to Captain von Gerne. She greeted Adrian graciously.

"How nice of you to come, Mr. Mawley."

"Have you heard anything of Margorie Gillespie?" Adrian asked anxiously.

"Not a thing. I have had to telegraph to her people in England, and I am quite sure they will be distraught. I can't begin to imagine what has happened to the girl. She was perfectly happy and contented as far as I knew. Well, you saw her that afternoon yourself. She didn't seem perturbed or upset in any way, did she?"

"Did Mr. Mawley see Miss Gillespie on the very afternoon that she disappeared?" von Gerne asked interestedly.

"He was the last person who did see her, apparently. You left her waiting for the Tarnsbrücke bus, Mr. Mawley, isn't that so?"

Adrian inclined his head.

"I would have waited with her and seen her on to it, but I had to hurry back to a lecture."

"But this is very interesting," von Gerne said. "I had no idea that you were the last person she was with. You never told me that."

"I didn't know that you were particularly interested in what happened to Miss Gillespie."

Please turn to page 47

The SECRET of
BLONDE HAIR
Why it needs a
SPECIAL Shampoo

Blonde hair is different. It is distinctive. It spells personality—charm— allure. It lifts you out of the crowd and gives you extra attractiveness. Men look twice.

Never sacrifice this—your natural advantage. Never let your blonde hair darken. Keep it the always with Sta-Blond. And if your hair has darkened, Sta-Blond will bring back its glorious golden glow and with it will come back lost fascination, beauty and youth. For Sta-Blond is made specially for blondes—a success where ordinary shampoos fail. Sta-Blond is safe. No dyes—no injurious bleaches. Its price—less than a visit to the hairdresser—restores and prevents graying.

STA-BLOND
THE BLONDEST OWN SHAMPOO

Safe for Baby's Skin



The trade-mark Vaseline is your assurance that you are getting the genuine product of the Chesebrough Manufacturing Company.

WHO DO YOU WANT TO OWN AUSTRALIA THIS CHAP OR THE JAP?

Let Your Money Fight for Him
Buy War Savings Certificates

Inserted by the Manufacturers of:

LAXETTES

The Gentle and Effective
Laxative for Children.



SUMMERY WEAR FOR THE YOUNG FOLK



ww261

LITTLE BOYS and little girls can wear this sun or beach suit. Note close-up of seagull motif which decorates the suit.

Both designs are traced on material all in readiness for cutting out and making up. Note also the quaint 3-piece duchesse set illustrated below. It's in organdie.

LOOK at No. 261, illustrated left. A very useful garment for the little boy or girl is this, and it will prove its worth in the warmer months to come for wearing about the house and on the beach.

The pattern is clearly traced on linette in shades of cream, blue, lemon, pink, and green, and the embroidery motif looks enchanting.

worked in a bright shade of blue. The design may be obtained in sizes to fit 1 to 2 years, 3/6 (3 coupons); 2 to 4 years, 4/3 (4 coupons); and 4 to 6 years, 5/11 (4 coupons). Postage is 6d. extra.

A paper pattern for the garment is available for 1/4, and an embroidery transfer for 1/6 extra. Stranded cottons for working any of the designs on this page may be obtained from our Needlework Department, price 4d. per skein.

Floral frock for summer-time

EVERY little lass will adore this chic frock designed for every-day wear or for special occasions. The material on which the frock is clearly traced is a pretty British floral in tonings of blue, lemon, pink, and green.

The price of the frock to fit a 4

to 6-year-old is 6/11 (and 6 coupons); 6 to 8 years, 7/11 (and 7 coupons); 8 to 10 years, 9/6 (and 8 coupons). Postage is 9d. extra and a paper pattern is available for 1/7.

Please be sure to quote No. 260 and give when ordering from our Needlework Department.



ww260

THE neat little frock shown above is designed to fit girls 4 to 10 years of age. Please quote No. 260 if ordering by mail. Full details concerning sizes and prices are given at left. Read all about it.

3-piece organdie flower-set for your dressing-table

AN unusual design this, and it will prove a welcome change from the square or ordinary circular style. The set consists of three pieces—centre mat and two smaller ones to match.

The large mat measures 15 x 15 inches, and the smaller mats measure 8 x 8 inches.

The stitchery will prove very simple for the entire edge is worked in buttonhole, and the inside lines in either satin-stitch or stem-stitch. You may obtain this charmingly different set from our Needlework Department, traced on good quality

organdie in shades of blue, pink, green, and lemon.

The price of the complete set is 3/6 and 3d. postage. Individually the prices are: Centre mat, 2/6; small mats, 1/- each, plus 3d. postage.



No. 259—Quaint and lovely is this dressing-table set. The mats look like flowers in full bloom. Please quote No. 259 when ordering, and be sure to state the shade desired.

SEND TO THIS ADDRESS:

Addis: Box 388A, G.P.O., Brisbane; Box 4007, G.P.O., Melbourne; Box 185C, G.P.O., Newcastle; Box 11, G.P.O., Perth; Box 401G, G.P.O., Sydney; Box 408W, G.P.O., if calling, 156 Castlereagh St., Tasmania; Write to the Australian Women's Weekly, Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne, New Zealand: Write to Sydney Office.

Circular shawl in easy crochet

Continued from page 42

46th Round: 3 ch. above last tr. Then work * 1 ch., 3 tr., 2 ch., 3 tr. into sp. between next 6 tr., 1 ch., 1 tr. above tr. of previous round. Rep. from * to end of round.

Rep. 46th round twice more. In the 49th, 50th, and 51st rounds work 2 ch. before and after each single tr.

52nd Round: * 1 d.c. into single tr., 1 ch. into sp. between 6 tr. work 4 double tr., 4 triple tr., 4 double tr., 1 ch. Rep. from * all the way around.

53rd Round: * 1 d.c. into next ch. (3 ch., 1 d.c. between next 2 tr.) 11 times, 3 ch., 1 d.c. into ch., 3 ch. Rep. from * to end of round.

CLOSE-UP of a section of the shawl showing how additional richness is achieved by the wide, full border. See the shawl pictured on the babe—page 42.

NEEDLEWORK notions



GOOD POSTURE

helps you do more with less fatigue

IF YOU, like most women, feel it's a patriotic duty to keep fit, remember the importance of POSTURE. If your posture is habitually poor, your lungs don't absorb all the oxygen they should and your bloodstream is correspondingly devalued; your digestion suffers, your stamina is reduced, you feel and look about half as well as you should.

Good posture, on the other hand, will give you more energy, help you to digest food properly and your stomach, liver, heart and intestines to keep in better shape. Not only that... you feel fine! You are more poised and confident. Other people have more confidence in you.

A SIMPLE TEST: Stand with back to wall—head, heels and shoulders touching it; hands by sides. Press buttocks down against the wall. If posture is good the space at the hollow of your back should be only about the thickness of your hand. In facing the wall your chest should touch first.

CORRECT WALKING: Stand against the wall as for first posture test. Throw greatest weight on balls of feet. With chin up, chest high and abdomen contracted, step out, swinging legs from hips; toes pointing in a straight line ahead; left hand moving forward with right foot, and vice versa.

DAILY TASKS

can build you up, not wear you down, if posture is good. Make beds with weight on forward foot, knees relaxed, back straight. Try to keep your chin up and your back straight—whether you're standing, sitting, walking, writing or ironing.

PUBLISHED BY

Berlei

MAKERS OF TRUE-TO-TYPE FOUNDATIONS

One of a Series, in the interest of National Fitness.

SHOES LAST

LONGER

If the leather is fed with
NUGGET

Footwear regularly cleaned with Nugget Shoe Polish will last far longer, because Nugget enters into the pores of the leather and feeds it, thus providing extra life as well as smartness and full leather protection.

USE IT SPARINGLY—A LITTLE GOES A LONG WAY

CONSERVE ESSENTIAL SUPPLIES

RP1 30-42

GARDEN NEWS . . .



THE GLORIOUS incurved chrysanthemums like those Lynne Carver, MGM player, is holding in the picture above can be lifted and transplanted to open, sunny flower beds now. Although they occupy ground the year round, their lasting qualities and color make them one of the gems of the garden. They ask for reasonably good soil. Stake well.

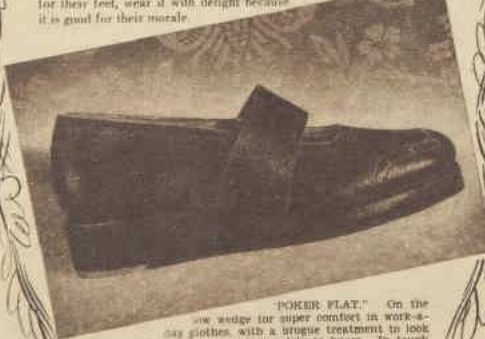
The Joyce Platform

The first joyces were designed for fun; you can't have fun if your feet hurt. That was yesterday. You can't work if your feet hurt, either . . . that is today. Today the joyce platform is making its contribution to war-time efficiency. Tomorrow . . . joyces will still be doing their job of combining fun and functionalism, whatever the times. Yesterday we stressed gaiety and colour and style. Today, when frivolous feet are walking to work, we emphasize our platform . . . comfort and freedom and that indefinable something that means doing a job well without being grim about it; plus joyce wearing qualities that England's women at war have already placed on the Priority list.

Reproduced below is a detailed drawing of our platform. (Joyce invented this type of construction . . . we have been making it since 1925 and WE KNOW HOW!)



Nurses and factory workers, volunteers and women in offices or homes . . . all these will love the joyce platform because it is good for their feet, wear it with delight because it is good for their morale.



POKER FLAT. On the new wedge for super comfort in work-a-day clothes, with a brogue treatment in look tops during leisure hours. In tough Palestine leather that looks good and complies with the demand of your coupons for better wear, \$5.95-4 coupons.

By joyce
(California)
777, Ltd.
241 George St. Sydney (Wholesale Only)



Chrysanthemums go in now!

● A little drop of water, a spot of good earth, plenty of sunshine and chrysanthemums will reward you with a wealth of bloom . . . Says OUR HOME GARDENER

BASAL growths of the chrysanthemum, that is, the new leafy pieces produced at the foot of last season's old stems, can now be lifted and set out in moist soil.

The best pieces are those carrying good roots, for they soon become re-established, and grow into sturdy, flowering plants within a very few months.

Chrysanthemums need medium to heavy soil that is well drained, and insist upon an open, sunny position. Shade is definitely disliked by this family as a whole, and poor results, with small flowers, can always be attributed to such conditions, particularly if associated with low-grade soil.

Sandy soil, if fertile, will produce moderately good chrysanthemums, but a medium to heavy loam, well firmed round their roots, is ideal. Loose soil that is hot and fiery and does not contain plenty of well-decayed leaf mould and organic manure never produces good quality plants or flowers.

Cuttings set out last autumn can also be transplanted during spring, and this work should be done before the weather becomes too hot, as chrysanthemums are relatively shallow-rooting plants and wilt rapidly if allowed to thirst.

The lovely incurved varieties

shown on this page are among the best obtainable. In addition to these there are the single and quilled types, Chinese or pompon varieties, and the well-known shasta daisy, ox-eye daisy, and double shasta, all of which belong to the chrysanthemum family.

Black aphid is one of the worst pests of the chrysanthemum. These pests need to be sprayed with nicotine sulphate or dusted with tobacco dust.

Leaf-eaters such as caterpillars, which often disfigure chrysanthemums badly in summer, can be controlled by spraying with arsenate of lead.

About cacti

CACTI are natives of hot, arid, sandy country, and are usually associated with American deserts, where all of them originated. No other country in the world has produced any of this family.

For the most part they need sandy, well-drained soil in an open, sunny position. Very little humus is required, but some of them do very well under ordinary garden conditions provided some sand is added and the soil never becomes waterlogged.

A mixture of sand, ironstone gravel, a little clay, charcoal, and a very little leaf mould is regarded

as the ideal compost for most of the cactus family. They range in size from tiny thimble-like plants to giants weighing a ton or more.

For that reason many members of the cactus family are banned forever in Australia, and Prickly Pear Control authorities have forbidden the importation of seed or plant. Many others which were introduced as garden plants years ago may not be removed from certain restricted centres. This ban has, to a great extent, limited the utilisation of cacti in many of our hot, inland districts where they are much more at home than in the cooler, moister coastal belt.

The spiny specimens have much to recommend them. These varieties rarely get out of hand, and are much used in coastal gardens in our eastern States, where the soil is not too good.

For hot, fiery rockeries, or exposed sandy areas where some colour is required, many of the taller and flowering varieties of cacti are splendid plants. In recent years cacti specialists in Sydney, Brisbane, and Melbourne have introduced about 1500 varieties.

Many of these bear flowers up to 15 or 16 inches across, whose colors and fragrance challenge the rose. Some open only during daylight hours and others appear at night, when their fragrance attracts innumerable moths and night-flying beetles.

The Dark Square

Continued from page 44

"O. H. Captain von Gerne is interested in what happens in any pretty girl—for a time," the Comtesse said. "More sherry, Eric?" Von Gerne declined.

"Mr. Mawley and I have been drinking already."

"I don't call that complimentary to my party."

"Oh, it was earlier in the day, Mr. Mawley paid a visit to my mountain retreat."

"That's hardly right," Adrian laughed. "I was out in the country round Insfarn for a bit of exercise. I had no idea that you had a farmhouse there. How could I?"

"Exactly. How could you?" von Gerne murmured as though he would have liked to know the answer himself. "But it was very pleasant to see you there, of course."

"Tell me about your robbery, Eric," said the Comtesse. "Everybody is talking about it, and I have heard all sorts of fantastic rumors."

"Robbery?" Adrian demanded with interest. "Where was that?"

"At Eric's flat, Rose Crescent."

Von Gerne flushed slightly and did not seem too pleased at being forced to speak about the occurrence.

"I really didn't amount to much," he said. "There may have been something stolen, but whoever did the job must have been a fool, for he took nothing of any value."

"Is it true that you got knocked out?" the Comtesse asked.

"There was a slight scuffle."

"But you weren't hurt?" Adrian inquired sympathetically.

"Not a bit."

"What a good liar you are," Adrian thought with admiration, and aloud he asked: "Any idea who it was?"

Von Gerne met his eye and smiled cryptically.

"Glimmerings," he said, "but hardly sufficient to go to the police with."

"I don't see Anna here," Adrian said, running his eyes round the hall.

"She is away at a party and won't be back until ten. When one's daughter stays out till ten, how can one pretend to remain young?"

"But in your case, dear Comtesse, pretence is completely unnecessary."

"Ah, Mr. Mawley, I sometimes wonder if literature is all that you lecture to those young ladies about."

"I lecture to them at Feathers' about literature, and later on, at such gatherings as these, they discourse to me about life. Not forgetting the capital. It's a very fair division, really."

"Not till ten will Anna be back and I shall be alone, completely alone, for dinner. In desperation I had even thought of ringing up my chaplain, but he has disappeared."

"Disappeared?"

The Comtesse laughed.

"Oh, not like that. At least I'm afraid not. He has gone away on a holiday, or a visit to friends, or something of the sort. At any rate the presbytery is shut up, and if I want spiritual consolation I must seek it elsewhere."

Adrian left the party early, whilst

it was still in full swing, and his last memory of it was a glimpse of his erstwhile pupil (whose name he now remembered to be Audrey Tallon) chatting vivaciously with three young officers, accepting a cigarette from one, a light from the second, and a smile from the third.

As he motored slowly back to the capital he turned over in his mind his encounter with von Gerne that evening. How much did von Gerne know about him, and how much did he know about von Gerne?

He garaged his car and walked the necessary quarter of a mile to the Square of the Old Castle. Here, as always, the city was dark. It was too old, here, to learn the new-fangled tricks of decking itself out with electricity and fairy lamps. It remained its ancient grim self, silent and rather forbidding.

Not that Adrian Mawley noticed anything forbidding about it. He liked the quietness and the dark of the Square. He had enjoyed his party and the day had provided him with plenty to think about. A meal at some cafe and then a pleasant evening in front of the fire would suit the case admirably, he thought.

When he reached the doorway to his room, somebody moved in the darkness, and he was aware that a visitor was waiting on the step.

"Mr. Mawley?" she asked. "That's lucky. I was just coming to see you. You've saved me ringing."

She had turned now, and the faint light of a street lamp fell on her face.

Adrian recognised her at once, but he gave no sign of having done so. He was not at all sure that he was glad to see that particular visitor there; but in a non-committal voice he said:

"Come along in, if you want to see me."

At Mountain Farm, Marjorie Gillespie was sitting in the room in which she had been a prisoner since her arrival. It was a large square bedroom of the roomy old-fashioned farm-house type. A fire was kept burning in the grate, and more than adequate meals were brought to her by the maid who had helped in her abduction. Every time that the woman came into the room Marjorie was aware of the intense dislike, and even hatred, that flared from her.

The window was barred, as a nursery window might be, and as Marjorie knew only too well, the door was kept locked. She was a prisoner. She did not know where and she did not know why.

She realised by now, however, that the letter Adrian had given her could not be merely an innocent message to his tobaccoist, and it was clear that completely unwittingly she had been used as a tool in some business in which von Gerne and Adrian were at loggerheads.

But even now she obstinately refused to say how she had come by the letter. It was partly obstinacy, and partly because she

had taken an intense dislike to von Gerne as a result of closer acquaintance with him. And apart from these two reasons, she realised that even if she were to reveal who it was who had given her the letter it would not avail her much now.

It was clear that von Gerne could not now restore her to her normal life at the Comtesse's without giving away all his own game, whatever that might be.

She did not know, could not imagine, how the chaplain came to be included in the affair, but she feared him now more than Eric von Gerne. And although she did not care to admit it, even to herself, in a way, and in spite of her fear, it was the older man in whom she was more interested.

His manner at first had been suave but ugly with implications. The last three times that he had come to speak to her the atmosphere between them had changed subtly, and both were aware of it.

WHILE von Gerne was away at the sherry party at the Schloss she heard along the uncarpeted corridor the sound which she was getting to know too well, the tread, curiously light and cat-like for so heavily-built a man.

She swallowed hard, and without thinking what she was doing crossed to the cheap mirror by the wash-hand-stand and looked at herself in it.

The key was turned in the door and then, after a pause, there was a knock.

"May I come in?"

Marjorie turned from the mirror, advanced to the middle of the floor and stood there looking at the door. She did not speak.

The door was pushed open and the query repeated.

"May I come in?"

"I can't stop you, so what is the point of asking?"

He came in, shut the door be-

hind him, and stood there leaning his back against it. Suddenly he asked abruptly: "Is it any good my saying that I wish you had never got mixed up in this affair?"

"Would it be true?" Marjorie asked.

He shook his head slowly, his eyes still fixed on her.

"No. After all it wouldn't be true. Except that one can be glad and sorry about a thing at the same time. You can hurt the thing you love, and somehow the fact that you love it forces you to want to make the hurt go deeper. But no. It isn't true, for then I should never have seen you."

As she remained at a loss for words, he went on: "When I first caught sight of you at the Schloss that evening, I thought that I had never seen more loveliness; more youth; more vital life. But there is danger here, make no mistake. When things happen as they are going to happen in Turbany it will be very dangerous; indeed for all you English—unless you happen to be on the right side."

"I don't know anything about sides," Marjorie began.

"Why should you? We could find happiness without politics."

A door slammed below them in the house, and von Gerne's voice could be heard calling for the maid.

"The energetic Captain von Gerne is back," the maid said. "He may want to speak to me. He has a habit of doing so when I am busy with something else. If you will excuse me I will leave you—for the present." He smiled at her and left the room.

Marjorie heard the key turn in the lock, and she listened to the light inescapable footsteps receding down the corridor.

She had managed to return his smile, but when she sat down on the bed she found that she was shaking all over.

To be continued

Careers for GIRLS & LADIES

Here is YOUR opportunity to help in the places being vacated by men. STOTT'S can prepare you—successfully—in the privacy of YOUR OWN HOME. WITHOUT any obligation. WHATSOEVER. SEND THE COUPON for particulars of any of the following courses:

Shorthand, Typing, Handwriting	Nurses' Entrance
Bookkeeping (Farm Station, Mercantile)	Commercial Art
Accountancy	Dressmaking and
Sty Writing	Designing
Journalism (Fiction)	Shire Clerks
Advertisement Writ.	University Exams.
Showcards, Tickets	Correspondent
Draftsmanship	Mail Order
Architectural Work	Window Dressing
Commercial English	Salesmanship
Com. Arithmetic	Engineering (Diesel)
General Education	Motor, Radio, etc.

Stott's Correspondence College

100 Russell Street, Melbourne. 147-148 Chatterbox Street, Sydney. 290 Adelaide Street, Brisbane. 56 Greenfield St., Adelaide.

Mail This Coupon: Cut Here

TO STOTT'S (Nearest Address, see list). I should like details of your course in

MY NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

A.W.W. 142

Are You Always Tired?

When your rest is disturbed, you are tired and worn out so arise in the morning, totally unfit, for the day's work. You may not know it, but your kidneys are nearly always to blame.

The longer you have suffered from any symptom of kidney and bladder trouble, the more you owe it to your health to heed the warnings and take immediate steps to correct the cause of sleepless nights and days of misery, discomfort and inconvenience. When the kidneys do not function properly, waste matter and poisonous acids stay in the blood, causing backache, rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago, leg pain, swollen feet and ankles, dizziness, puffiness under the eyes, and excessive uric acid.

Don't delay! Neglect is dangerous. Take DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS. They strengthen and regulate the kidneys and bladder, relieve pain, and aid in ridding the system of harmful wastes and acids. Get DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS today.

Amazing HALF-HEAD Tests Prove New Shampoo's Glorifying Action

Clearly Prove 4 Amazing Advantages

1. 33% more lustrous.
2. Leaves hair silkier.
3. Faster, safer perms.
4. Safeguards hair's elasticity.



Thrill to see your hair glorified by this amazing new shampoo—proved by the most daring tests ever made on a shampoo!

SHOWS THRILLING DIFFERENCE: LEFT: Soap-washed side—dull, lifeless. RIGHT: Colinated side. Hair like silk.

UNIQUE "half-head tests"—one side washed with Colinated foam, the other with soap or powder shampoo—gave amazing results. 1. Hair washed with Colinated foam was up to 33% more lustrous. 2. Felt smoother and silkier. 3. Retained natural curl. 4. Took better "perms," faster.

Not a soap, not an oil, this new Colinated foam can't make that

FAMILY RE-UNION BREAKFAST.



YOU'D BETTER TAKE THESE KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES OFF THE TABLE! I CAN'T STOP EATING THEM!

THEY'RE MADE FROM THE WHITE AUSTRALIAN CORN WE GROW ON OUR FARM, DAD—THE BEST IN THE WORLD!

6' MORN'G, UNCLE BLIMP! HOW'S THE ARMCHAIR STRATEGIST?

YOU CAN'T INSULT ME LIKE THAT! I'M GOING TO LEAVE—STRAIGHT AHEAD! I'VE HAD THESE KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES!

FOR GOODNESS SAKE, JOHNNY, THAT'S YOUR FIFTH BANANA!

BUT IT'S FOR ME, FIFTH PLATE OF KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES, MA!

DO YOU REALIZE, COUSIN HENRY, THAT ONE PLATE OF KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES WITH MILK AND SUGAR PROVIDES MORE ENERGY VALUE THAN THREE EGGS OR FIVE SAUSAGES?

TOO RIGHT! AND YOU CAN MARCH FOR THREE AND A HALF MILES ON THE ENERGY SUPPLIED BY ONE PLATE OF KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES WITH MILK AND SUGAR!

DO YOU THINK I WILL EVER BE ABLE TO DO ANYTHING WITH MY VOICE?

WE MIGHT USE IT AS AN AIR-RAID SIREN, AUNT ALICE!

THERE'S FOUR GENERATIONS OF MY FAMILY AT THIS TABLE AND EVERY ONE OF US GOES FOR KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES. THEY'RE CRISP, CRUNCHIER, AND TWICE AS DELICIOUS!

Kellogg's Corn Flakes are not only more delicious than anything else, but they are also richest in energy value. Give your whole family crisp, crunchy, delicious Kellogg's Corn Flakes every morning.

Arnott's on service

Dear Sirs:

My grocer cannot supply some of my favourite biscuits. Have you stopped making them?

Dear Madam:

Our factories are working at full capacity. Arnott's Biscuits are "On Service" on every Australian battle front. We have removed many lines from our lists to enable us to fulfil war orders, and we look forward to that happy day when supplies will once again be ample.

Grocers everywhere are assisting us to fairly distribute our available supplies and avoid disappointment to our many friends.



PLEASE RETURN ALL
EMPTY TINS TO
YOUR GROCER AS
SOON AS POSSIBLE.